



ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1889.

A SOLVED ENIGMA.

CHAPTER I.

"Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy."

WITH a ceaseless, soft patter the rain fell on the skylight of Lindholst's room. Depressed and weary, he vainly strove to summon up that philosophy, which, in the old days, he was wont to boast would sustain him under whatever hard knocks fate had in store. How easily this fickle ally deserts a man. Satiated with fortune's gifts, in search of a new sensation, how delightful are her cool theories and nice distinctions; but, in his need, when almost the last penny has been spent, the last cigar (and a wretched one at that), smoked, away flies Miss Philosophy and leaves him in the lurch. With an irony in which much of real bitterness mingled, Lindholst reviewed the past. His career in Wall Street, like some meteor, had been brilliant, but short, his rapidly accumulated fortune being swept away by a single hazardous venture. The ripple of surprise this event caused, had soon been replaced by some new excitement. Yes! his world had forgotten him, since he could no longer amuse it with unique entertainments, or dainty dinners. Among the hundreds of his acquaintance, he could not remember one real friend. Gradually, as these unpleasant reflections presented themselves, the atmosphere of his room grew oppressive, and rising he threw open the window. A few breaths of the cool, damp air refreshed him, mentally and physically. The twi-

light of a rainy day was gathering over Pisa, its cool gloom seeming to suit that city of the past better than the bright sunlight. In the distance stretched the Arno, a crescent of glistening silver, while against the dull white of the heavens rose the dark outlines of the "leaning tower." The tramp of footsteps on the stone pavement echoed in the street below, and presently a laugh rang out. This sound jarred on Lindholst's mood; turning from the window he became conscious that two figures, a woman and a child, were standing just outside of the open door of his chamber. Carelessly he glanced at them, probably they had mistaken the room, visitors for him were a rare event. How frightened the child looked, clinging to the woman's dress; she wore the garb of a Sœur de Charité, the black veil drawn across her face; but the instinct to observe trifles, which had always characterized him, made Lindholst notice how small and white was the hand nervously clutching her rosary. It could not be kind Sister Therese, whose skillful but homely members had ministered so faithfully to his wants during the illness from which he was now convalescent. Besides, the talkative little Sister would never stand so still and silent.

"Did you wish to see me, Ma Sœur?" he asked, seeing she would not speak. Without replying, she entered the room, and throwing back her veil, Lindholst recognized the features of a beautiful American, the reigning belle of his set a

few years before. She had married an Englishman, a friend of his, but, since that event, he had lost sight of them both. Now, looking at her, he could scarcely believe it was the same woman who had charmed even his fastidious taste. The brown eyes, once so full of arch coquetry and mischief, were now dull and lustreless, while the lines that pain and mental suffering had written everywhere, robbed the face of its youth. Silently he took the hand she held out. On it glittered the engagement ring that he remembered helping Richard Dudleigh choose nearly five years before. How happy the young fellow had been, so sanguine about the future, that Lindholst had refrained from damping his bliss by any doubts. In the midst of these thoughts his companion's voice reached him:

"Will you promise to undertake what I ask?"

"First, let me hear what it is," returned Lindholst, his caution roused by this beginning. Of a woman's judgment his opinion was not high, but some pitying instinct prompted him to add: "Perhaps I may be able to help you in some way; won't you sit down and tell me this young man's name?" laying his hand on the boy's bright hair.

"Richard; is there anywhere he can play while I speak to you?"

"Only the other end of the room," Lindholst rejoined, grimly. "I regret to say my resources are rather more limited than when we last met."

He stopped, struck by the look of satisfaction on her face as she noticed the dreary shabbiness of the apartment.

"Go over to the window, dear, till I call you," she whispered to the child. He went, seeming to understand that they wished to talk undisturbed by his presence.

"Do you remember," began his mother, turning to Lindholst, "the morning I said good-bye to you all, from the deck of the 'Normandie'? How happy we were, Dick and I! On our arrival, we went at

once to Dudleigh Court, instead of spending the season in London. At first, the novelty of the life amused me, the even routine of each day was so different from America. But, after a time, the big house where all responsibility was taken from my shoulders began to seem very gloomy and dull; sometimes Dick would be out all day shooting, or riding to some meet. I could not ride well enough to accompany my husband, who, besides, would never have allowed me to hunt. Our neighbors within driving distance happened to be hopelessly uninteresting, so I was thrown entirely on my own resources. Like many women my education had been superficial, though I knew how to conceal my ignorance. But, while this might pass muster in society, I could not well impose upon myself. Oh! to get away from the intense dullness of my life! I loved my husband, but I hated my lot. Every day, every hour, this morbid depression gained control over me. Swayed by moods, whose true meaning I scarcely understood, sometimes I wondered if I were not different from other women. Poor Dick! he was very patient, but, with his open, healthy nature, he could not understand how I brooded for days over some careless word or act. At length my husband was called away on business, and after his departure the routine of each day became doubly distasteful. One morning, as I wandered about the house, tormented by restless fancies, some impulse prompted me to stop before the long pier-glass in the hall. As I stood there, gradually a curious sensation stole over me; I seemed to lose my own identity. Who was the woman, whose dark eyes stared so steadily into mine, a vague mockery in their sombre depths? That pale, smiling face, how hateful it was. With fierce delight, I watched two hands creeping up toward the white throat, soon to close round it in a strangling embrace, and then. My God! with that frenzied cry, sense, sanity, returned, and I

realized that for those few minutes, I had been mad. Aye! and as dangerous as many a poor wretch in confinement. How I lived through the knowledge I scarcely understand. They say mad people are cunning; surely we deserve a better name for the courage which enables us to crush down and conceal the seething passions which have taken possession of body and soul. How I longed sometimes to whisper my terrible secret; if only to the sky, the air, to tell it to the wind, whose wail seemed the voice of a friend. At times, these wild thoughts left me; then I realized the full bitterness of my fate. Possessed of many things to make life happy, for I was young, and my husband loved me; did a more miserable woman dwell on God's earth! Every night the fear haunted me that, perhaps before morning, I should be a mad-woman without the power of concealment. Finally the strain told upon my health. At first, Dick determined to consult a physician, but I managed to convince him that the only medicine I needed was change of air and scene. We left England, and guided by a whim of mine, chose the Island of Capri for our destination. The change did me good; I enjoyed the long idle days spent in the open air. Together we explored the ruins on the island, and at sunset watched the brown fishermen come home laden with spoils. Sometimes taking a boat, Dick would row me to the 'Blue Grotto,' a beautiful cave, whose walls were studded with stalactites. We spent many mornings in this cool retreat; I learned to love its soft azure light, and the place grew to be a refuge from my morbid fancies. As time passed on, and strength returned, some impulse made me determine to tell my husband the truth. I forgot what a terrible shock it would be to a man whose health, mental and physical, had always been perfect. Very soon the opportunity I longed for came. One afternoon, we had been drifting with the tide down toward Sorrento. The sun,

a glowing ball of fire, was sinking into a mass of fleecy clouds, whose broken edge revealed the golden lining. Timidly I called Dick, as he lay stretched on the bottom of the boat smoking. At the sound of my voice, he roused himself, and turned, a pleasant smile on his handsome face.

"You look tired, dear," he said, touching my hair caressingly. "Suppose we go back," and he made a motion to take the oars.

"No, no, Dick!" I interrupted hurriedly, afraid the chance would be lost. "Do not move, I have something to tell you."

"And as the dusk deepened, I told the story, gazing down into my husband's upturned face. Was it fancy, or had a look of startled horror changed it almost past recognition? The thought sent a thrill of mad excitement through my veins. Conscious that self-control was deserting me, I was powerless to check the fierce passion which filled me at his silence. Bending forward, I peered into his face, and the dusk could not hide what I saw written there. The rest is all a confused chaos. I remember the sound of a wild laugh, as I rose, my one idea being to get away from him into the cool, green water, but, guessing my intention, Dick threw his arm around me. A short, fierce struggle followed. I fought with all the strength of a mad-woman, until, in some way, the boat was overturned, and, still struggling, we sank together. Even then the frenzy never left me; weak, exhausted, I rallied all my energy, and pushed my husband from me when we rose to the surface. I heard the gurgle of the water as it closed over him, then all became a blank. When consciousness returned, I found myself stretched at the bottom of a boat, the brown faces of some Neapolitan fishermen bending over me. There was something else in the boat, a motionless form, over whose rigid outlines the men had reverently spread their coats. With

reason restored, a sickening fear made me cry out for Dick. Alas! the pitying glances, the rough sympathy of those peasants, told me, without words, he was dead. Dead, and by the hand that had never received aught from him, save kindness! Lifting the coat which hid his face, I gazed upon my darling's pale features. Silently they seemed to accuse, yet pity. The grating of the boat on the pebbly beach roused me; we had reached Capri.

"My husband's death excited little wonder or comment on the island; his fate was one shared by many of its men.

"Anxious to get home, I left Capri, the scene of so many dark memories. Soon after reaching England, a few weeks later, my child first saw the light. His birth, instead of being a source of joy, was one of keenest dread; had my heritage of madness descended to him? I well knew I could not depend upon myself, the frenzied madness which had indirectly caused Dick's death was only dormant, any excitement might rouse it with as terrible results. Heaven knows how I suffered in those days, pursued by the shadow of a coming crime, and the remembrance of one in the past. Meanwhile, my child, strong and healthy, showed no trace of mental or physical disease. He was nearly four years old, when one evening (a few months ago), as I stood by his crib watching the rosy sleeper, some presentiment warned me to send the child away. I felt, instinctively, that danger threatened him. The next morning his nurse came into my room; the child, she said, seemed tired and feverish, acting as though he had not rested well, so she had allowed him to remain in bed. I went at once to the nursery; the little fellow was tossing restlessly about; seeing me he buried his face in the bed-clothes, with a cry of childish terror, very different from his usual loving welcome.

"Naughty mamma, go away!" he whimpered; 'hurt poor Dick.'

"What do you mean, darling?" I asked, trying to take his hand.

"Go way," he repeated, shrinking from my touch. "You come in big dark and hurt Dick."

Unfastening his little night-shirt, I found the prints of cruel fingers round his soft throat."

The wretched woman paused, while a fierce, tearless sob shook her frame; regaining self-control she went on: "The events of that night hastened my decision. I possessed plenty of acquaintances, but not a single friend on whom I could depend; relatives I have none, for Dick and I were both singularly alone in the world. And then, Paul Lindholst, I thought of you. Some words of yours, that in the unconscious insolence of happiness, I scarcely heeded, came back to me from the past. The news of your failure reached me, and then a report that you were living abroad. I determined to find out where, as I had conceived a plan by which Dick might be saved from his father's fate, I from a mad-house, if you will consent to take charge of the boy, ostensibly as his tutor, but, in reality, as if he were your own son. Like myself, you stand alone in the world, are, perhaps, in need of money; this I am willing to spend generously. Dick must travel, be entirely separated from a mother with whom he is never safe—" she broke off abruptly.

"And you?" Lindholst questioned, pityingly.

Without answering, she turned away, plucking at the cross of her rosary.

"In the Sisterhood I enter," she said, slowly, "past and future are a blank, save as we strive to reach immortality by prayer and good works."

"But, if I cannot undertake this heavy responsibility?" Lindholst asked, after a moment's hesitation.

"You will not refuse!" the words fell from her lips in a low cry, as she raised her dark eyes to his face. "You, my

only friend, dare not desert me in my need." The sad defiance of her tone touched Lindholst deeply. He rose and walked over to where she stood.

"You are right," he said, "I dare not refuse; tell me what I am to do with the boy, for I promise he shall be to me as my own son."

CHAPTER II.

TO-MORROW Richard Dudleigh reaches his twenty-first year, and my ostensible tutorship ends. Years ago, I promised to take charge of a child in whom might be lurking the seeds of his mother's insanity. It was no light task to which I pledged myself, but, thank God! thus far, it has not been in vain. The boy—I cannot realize he is almost a man—is a fair specimen of the good-looking, athletic young Briton. Poor Catherine Dudleigh! I have never seen her since that painful interview in Pisa. All business was arranged through her lawyers, except one letter, which inclosed the address of a religious house in Paris that she had entered. I have never had occasion to write. Though painful, I judged it best entirely to separate Dick from a past of which he retained a dim recollection. This policy has been carried out through all these years. He imagines himself an orphan, and is ignorant of his father's tragic death and his mother's fate. If possible, I desire to keep that knowledge from him until he is older, better able to bear the dark shadow it must lay upon his future. He looks like his father, yet, at times, something about his face reminds me of Catherine Dudleigh. But a truce to retrospection, it is only fools who look back, wise men live in the present. To-day, Dick, in a burst of confidence, imparted what he fancied was a tremendous secret, his engagement to Miss Hastings. Of course, I guessed this; knowing the lad so well, the symptoms were not difficult to detect. Sudden and

intense devotion to dress (as means to an end), lack of animation and interest, when talking on any subject unconnected with the "object." These, with a kind of speechless stupidity when near her, were in strong contrast to his usual manner. His fiancé is really a charming girl, a trifle retiring, perhaps, but this is refreshing after the young woman with opinions, who talks you hoarse and generally bores you to death. Madame Hastings, I confess, I am not fond of, to use Dick's disrespectful expression, "she is an old cat," but, it must be allowed, a remarkably bright old pussy. I cannot but admire the skill with which she has piloted her little daughter into the haven of a wealthy and satisfactory engagement. Perhaps, if she knew Dudleigh's history, she might be less eager about securing him for a son-in-law. Am I justified in letting this affair go on to its natural consummation, marriage? It seems hardly fair to the girl, and yet, why should I interfere, and perhaps destroy Dick's happiness. Why not let matters alone, and see how fate will solve the enigma of this man's future?

A raw, damp day; Dick has gone for a tramp, winding up with a visit to the hotel where his fiancé is staying. A proposal that I should accompany him was declined. Apart from the discomfort of being third, it makes me feel positively sad to see those two young people together. They are so perfectly happy, so confident about the future; Dick, particularly, reminds me of his father. But here I am driveling over the past, a sure sign of advancing age!

An hour ago Dick came back. I had at length succeeded in making the fire in our little saloon burn brightly, and, ensconced in a comfortable chair, was beginning to feel mildly content.

"Are you ready for dinner?" I asked, as he entered. "Ring for it please; I must have a friendly talk with the porter about the wretched green wood he brings."

I paused, conscious that my companion was not listening; turning I found he was leaning over my chair, a stunned, bewildered look in his blue eyes.

"Lindholst" (he never called me by name except when angry or excited), "are either of my parents living?"

"My dear boy," how I blessed the self control which enabled me to look him steadily in the face, and even smile pleasantly, "what an odd question! You had better ask old Griggs, he is likely to know more about those matters than your tutor."

"But Mrs. Hastings said you were not really my tutor, only 'a kind of keeper,' and that my mother," his voice sank to a whisper, "was living, but insane."

Poor Dick! the blow had lost nothing of its cruel force. I pulled the lad down beside me, the room was dark, else my face would have betrayed me. "Listen (earnestly), that woman lied; I saw your mother the week before her death (was she not dead to the world I reasoned?); during that interview we discussed the plans for your education, all those details which require a clear head, and this woman Mrs. Hastings called insane. No, she has probably heard some 'trumped-up' story, and, like the inveterate gossip she is, rolled it under her tongue as a delicious morsel."

"And my father," Dick broke in; "she said there was some mystery about his death."

"Only the mystery of being accidentally drowned, a misfortune which may happen to any of us, madame included, though I wickedly hope she will have a warmer mode of exit from this life. You see," I went on, feeling I had made an impression, "jealousy is at the bottom of all this—she is jealous of the influence you have over Maud—but she had no right to repeat such a story. By the way, that reminds me, are you going to the Embassy to-night?"

"I meant to," returned my pupil, in a voice more like his own.

Only a boy, he was almost convinced by arguments, whose weak points an older head would have discovered.

CHAPTER III.

It was late that same night before Richard Dudleigh and his tutor reached the Embassy. The long rooms, blazing with light, were anxiously scanned by both men, though from very different reasons.

"There they are," observed Dick; "I see Mrs. Hastings's pink plume. Now Lindholst, what am I to do?"

"Dance with any woman in the room except Miss Hastings," returned his companion. "That is, if you ask my advice; meanwhile, I am going to speak to her mother."

Crossing the room, Lindholst walked slowly up to a group of elderly dowagers, of which Mrs. Hastings formed one.

"Can I have a few minutes' conversation with you?" he asked, pleasantly. Mrs. Hastings hesitated; she had determined to break the engagement, and this would be a good opportunity to show that she no longer accepted civilities from any one connected with Richard Dudleigh. Yet, after a pause, she took his proffered arm, the power of a stronger will controlling her decision. Unwillingly she allowed herself to be led to a small adjoining room. Deserted save by one couple, absorbed in each other, it was a fitting arena for the struggle of two determined wills.

"Mrs. Hastings," said Lindholst, beginning the attack, "will you kindly give me your authority for the strange statement you made my pupil this afternoon?"

"What statement?" repeated madame, to gain time, rather taken back by the enemy's determined front.

"That his mother is alive and insane," returned Lindholst, boldly.

A pause ensued, broken by Mrs. Hastings.

"Yes, I can tell you my authority. My

uncle, Sir Ronald Marlowe (Mrs. Hastings always gave him his full title), on hearing of the engagement, wrote me that a report had reached him that Mrs. Dudleigh was still living, but, in an asylum. He advised me to find out the truth before I allowed the engagement to continue."

A pompous old fool, whom I could confuse and convince in ten minutes, was Lindholst's rapid mental conclusion; aloud he only said:

"It was perfectly natural your uncle should be anxious; I honor him for the feeling. Still, you will admit, his information is too vague and unreliable to warrant breaking an engagement in which two person's happiness is involved."

Mrs. Hastings raised her eyes, a cold gleam in their fishy depths.

"Nevertheless," she observed, slowly, "Maud, with my consent, shall never marry Richard Dudleigh. I am convinced the report is true, because of the persistent effort you have made to make me think otherwise. Accustomed to dupe and rule, you forget that hypocrites as accomplished as yourself are occasionally found out."

It was a very rude speech, but Lindholst bore it without wincing; only the whole savage strength of the man's nature rose at the challenge. He was conscious of the same pleasurable excitement he used to feel in the old days, when some big "coup," was on the market. Rising, he walked over to the window.

"You are severe, and a trifle personal," he observed, presently. "To change the subject, if Miss Hastings's reputation suffers from the breaking of this engagement, do not blame any one but yourself."

"What do you mean? (scornfully) I hardly think Dick would undertake a breach-of-promise suit."

"No, hardly; but there are other ways of—well, it is difficult to explain, but I will try and give you our side of the case: Dudleigh has been engaged to Miss

Hastings three months, with your approval and consent; suddenly, with no good reasons being assigned—for though what you say may be true, you will find that there is not an iota of evidence to support it—the engagement is broken. Dick's friends are now naturally your enemies; what more easy than to spread reports against the girl, who has neither father nor brother to defend her reputation? A sneering allusion, a few laughing innuendoes, and the ball of conjecture is set rolling."

"And you would stoop to such means!" gasped Mrs. Hastings, shrinking back.

"Did I say so?" returned Lindholst, toying with a flower he had picked up. "My dear Mrs. Hastings, I was only putting before you what might be done. I am sure the matter can be arranged without any trouble. Agree to let this engagement continue, and all shall be forgotten, even your charmingly frank speech."

"And let my poor Maud become the wife of a lunatic, who will probably end by murdering her."

"Dick is no more a lunatic than you are," interrupted Lindholst, impatiently. "But I promise, if he ever exhibits the smallest sign of insanity, to send his wife back to—"

Some impulse prompted Lindholst to stop abruptly; turning, he found himself face to face with his pupil, who, entering, had come up noiselessly behind them.

"It was true then," said the lad, quietly; "I think I will go home now, Lindholst."

CHAPTER IV.

PARIS, with the hot, August sunshine pouring down on its asphalt pavements. Dick Dudleigh and his tutor had been a week at the "Bristol." It was nearly eight months now since they left Rome, but the thought of settling in any one place had become so distasteful to Dick,

that, instead of returning to Dudleigh Court, they had spent the time in traveling, seldom stopping at one place more than a few weeks. Dick's engagement to Miss Hastings had been broken—but by himself—madame was too thoroughly cowed by Lindholst's threats to interfere. The morning after the eventful ball, Dick had a long interview with his little sweetheart, with that result. For him, the pain of parting was dulled by the threatening shadow which hung over his future. He fought bravely against the depression, which, at times, held him in its iron grip, only betraying the struggle by an occasional outburst of nervous irritation. Perhaps he realized how hard it was for Lindholst to stand by, yet not be able to help. Deeply attached to the boy, in his undemonstrative fashion, if risking his life would have helped matters, Lindholst would have done so gladly. By every means in his power he strove to divert his pupil's thoughts. Each morning after breakfast, Dudleigh, true to British instincts, started out for a long tramp, and Lindholst, though he detested walking, always accompanied him. These wanderings were through the busiest streets and widest boulevards of the city; Dudleigh dreaded the comparative quiet of the suburbs, haunted by his gloomy thoughts. Poor Dick! sometimes he wondered if life, with this Damoclesian sword suspended over him, were worth living? A question soon to be answered. One morning, as the two men crossed a crowded thoroughfare, Lindholst, absent-minded and careless, stood directly in the path of a heavy dray. Before the driver could see him and pull up, the pole struck and knocked him down. He was dimly conscious of a loud outcry, and some one dragging him aside, but a stinging pain in his head rendered him faint and dizzy. When at length he opened his eyes, they rested on a strange, awful sight, the dead face of his pupil, Richard Dudleigh. The young fellow, they told him afterward,

rushed forward as Lindholst fell, and, though he managed to drag his tutor out of the horses' path, during the struggle, a blow on the temple, from their iron hoofs, had almost instantly killed him. Like all Parisian crowds, effusively sympathetic, an honest little grisette stood crying over the body, while the driver loudly protested his innocence to a Sister of Charity who had witnessed the accident. Approaching Lindholst, she asked where his friend should be taken; and looking up through the gray mist which enveloped everything, he recognized the kind face of Sister Therese, his faithful nurse in Pisa. He tried to answer her, to explain, but his dry lips emitted no sound, and presently the mist settled into blackness, and he fell back unconscious. "Surely," thought the pious little Sister, as, taking matters into her own hands, she searched for some address, "*Le bon Dieu* must have sent me this way. *Cet pauvre petit*, so young to die, a son, or more likely, a brother of monsieur, her old patient." Yet, why was it that the boy's face seemed so familiar? Unable to find any address, she decided to have them taken to a house near by, whose owner she knew and could trust. Her experienced eye saw that Lindholst had received a terrible shock, from which he would not easily recover. For weeks, he lay between life and death, his delirium taking a strange shape, for he fancied his kind nurse Catherine Dudleigh. Wildly he would implore her not to reproach him for her son's death; from his ravings, Sister Therese learned the whole sad story. One morning when he awoke, weak, but conscious, his first act was to show her the address Catherine Dudleigh had given him, and to beg her to find out if Dick's mother still lived. Quietly assenting, she left the room, but once outside, murmured to herself, "I know now why the boy's face seemed familiar; so she was his mother. Truly, the key of death unlocks all things!"

One evening, a few weeks later, when he was convalescent, as Lindholst sat in the dreary little salon, Sister Therese was ushered in.

"Have you any news for me, Ma Sœur?" he asked, half dreading her reply.

"Yes, monsieur, and if you feel strong enough, I want you to come with me now; to-morrow (she hesitated) I fear it will be too late."

There was no need for her to explain, Lindholst understood. In silence he followed her into a cab which stood waiting, and, passing rapidly through the suburbs of the city, they stopped before a large brick building, standing in its own grounds. Here the Sister alighted, and, after a whispered conference with the door-keeper, they were admitted into a dimly-lighted hall. Presently, under the guidance of two black-robed Sisters, they entered a small room on the same floor. It looked like a cell, with its barred windows, bare gray walls, and stone pavement. On a straw pallet a woman lay, bound down to it by broad horse girths. There was no recognition in the wide-open, staring eyes, only that terrible, unseeing look of the mindless. Could it be Catherine Dudleigh? Her restless fingers, bound as her hands were across her breast, still managed to pluck at and tear the straw of her miserable couch. As Lindholst approached, exerting her frenzied strength, the girths almost yielded under the tremendous strain she made to free herself. The Sisters hurried forward in terror, but, waving them back—

"Dick!" cried the mad-woman, in clear ringing tones, "where is Lindholst—the

man—I trusted with—our boy—dead?" she broke into a wild peal of laughter. "Yes!—I know—you are dead—dead—under the cool—green water—at Capri—Hush!—you must whisper—for only you—and I—know the secret—but our son—my—darling—" her voice rose in a shrill, grasping cry, "Dick—Dick—where are you?"

It seemed as if the awful intensity of that appeal must reach Richard Dudleigh, even amidst the shadows of the dark valley. Its despairing pathos maddened Lindholst; bitter, blasphemous thoughts would have found utterance, but, at his first word, Sister Therese laid her hand on his arm.

"Hush! monsieur" (sternly), "this is neither time nor place to question the goodness or justice of God. There are enigmas in life," she added, solemnly, "too hard for us to understand."

Turning, she left the room, followed by her companion. That night, long after Sister Therese left him, Lindholst sat thinking. How vividly the past rose before him; through it all he could trace the workings of a resistless power, against which his puny human strength had been pitted. How utterly useless the efforts of a will, he once fancied so potent, to shield that other life from the knowledge of pain and suffering! Yet the boy had been mercifully dealt with; better a swift death—then he shuddered, remembering the scene in the mad-woman's cell. Was that God's justice? Then the little Sister's words returned, and vaguely comforted him, "There are enigmas in life too hard for us to understand, but death solves them all."

F. A.

WHAT CAME OF MY INHERITANCE.

I STOOD there in the sweetness of the sunny June morning, holding the big yellow envelope in my hand, while a strange glimmering mist seemed to have set the waving branches of the lilac trees outside the window and the gaudy figures in the carpet of Mrs. Carter's stuffy little parlor all dancing together.

Slowly I passed my fingers over my astonished vision, and read again the marvelous message before me.

There could be no mistake, there it was in the most upright, distinct, clerical black and white: "By the terms of the will of our late client, Oswald Maynard, his only niece, Avis Maynard, of Lynn, becomes sole heir of his estate. A sealed letter in our hands awaits your arrival."

Other legal information passed in confused array through my mind, with directions how to reach the office of my "Obedient Servants," Ketchem & Dunham, Boston—and accompanied by a check for a hundred dollars, "lest I might be in need of funds for the journey."

I should think so, indeed! I who but that morning had stood under these very lilac trees and pondered the possibility of the extravagance of a new indigo-blue calico dress, afterward deciding that patches in the sleeves of the old one must do instead. Even now the pieces of that but just accomplished task lay scattered at my feet, the thimble yet adorned my finger. I pushed the things away with my foot, and drew a long sigh of joy. True, I did not yet know the extent of my good fortune, but the check in my hand seemed to promise that I might at least be spared my peculiar abomination—patched elbows in my few long-worn gowns.

I rolled the blue calico up in my arms and sought Mrs. Carter's kitchen.

"Here, Ellen," I said to her patient little drudge, "here is a fresh work-dress for you. I have just mended the sleeves up nicely, and it will do to slip on with a white apron when you wait on table."

Escaping the thanks of the pleased girl, who seldom got anything but hard work and harder words under the roof of that dismal little second-rate boarding-house, I went up to my room, and clasped my hands in ecstasy.

Oh! thank Heaven! the day of my emancipation had come! Farewell, ye cracked and age-stained walls, ye ragged curtains and carpet, and handleless pitcher! Yesterday I endured you with patience and long-suffering, to-day, I turn my back upon you forever!

Eagerly I dragged my one trunk out from the corner where it had done duty, under a folded blanket, as an upholstered seat, and into it I put the few articles that I meant to take into my new life, giving the rest as my last legacy to Ellen.

Then donning my one presentable suit, I paid Mrs. Carter two weeks extra board to compensate for my sudden departure, and ere she had recovered from her astonishment, her doors had closed behind me for the last time.

My few farewells were soon said. For nearly five weary, monotonous years, as a poor, friendless, young music-teacher, I had plodded through sun and rain to drill scales into the unwilling understanding of my few pupils at a price that barely kept for me the privilege of my humble shelter.

Without regrets I now relinquished my

place, and evening found me whirling away to a new life.

I had lost my parents early in my childhood, but they had left means sufficient to keep me at a plain boarding-school until I was fifteen, when, with such education and accomplishments as I had obtained, I set out to win my own way.

Aside from the uncle, whose death had now brought me release from my uncongenial surroundings, I had no kith or kin on earth, and between him and my father had existed a bitter feud because the girl they both loved had chosen the younger brother instead of the elder, severing from that hour all connection or recognition between them.

Knowing this from papers left among my parents' effects, I had never sought to make myself known to my sole relative, nor hoped for his aid, even if he knew of my existence, of which I was not sure.

Evidently, however, he had not been as unheeding as he seemed. I wondered what the sealed letter would have to say to me, from this last-known member of my race, whose face I had never seen.

Arrived in Boston, I went to a good hotel, and by judicious expenditure was enabled to present a tasteful and well-dressed appearance when I presented myself to my lawyers, a few days later, as their future client.

After having given me certain statements in regard to my newly acquired property, Mr. Ketchem brought from his safe a thick letter, and said:

"We were directed to place this in your hands on your arrival, and as it no doubt contains instructions in regard to your property it would doubtless be advisable for you to consider its contents before deciding about any arrangement you may wish to make. You see the will makes no restrictions except that for five years we shall be retained as your legal advisers. I assure you we shall do our best to merit your confidence and advance your interests."

Thanking him, I departed to read my mysterious letter alone. Sitting in my quiet room I broke the heavy seal, and read as follows:

"**MY NIECE, AVIS MAYNARD:**—When you read these lines I shall be where all the sorrows and mistakes of this life are at an end. But before I go, I desire in some measure to atone for a portion of the wrong that has blotted my best years, and save yours from the hardships and perils that you contend with now.

"For I have seen you, my poor child, unknown to you, and informed myself in regard to your life. Your brave and self-respecting struggle wins my admiration, and leads me to believe that I can trust you to carry out the directions which I shall leave, designed as they are to insure your future happiness and well-being.

"I regret that I was not led to seek you while I might have been your living guide and friend. But it needed this stroke from the Divine hand to open my stubborn heart.

"When my sudden death was the doom that was foretold by my physicians, and I knew that the end might come at any moment, then the bitterness seemed to slip away, and I saw myself and my sin as they must stand before God.

"Then I sought the little child that all these years I had known was buffeting her way among strangers. I met you on the street and you looked up at me with your mother's soft eyes—her very expression!

"How I longed to take you in my arms—make myself known to you. Yet I thought you might hold me in aversion—or if the blessing of your love were won, it could be but to further sadden your young life with my death.

"This proves now to have been the correct view. For in this brief time my symptoms have become so alarming that my medical friend remains with me, and it is only at intervals that I can prepare

this letter for you, so I must hasten its important points.

"Among the New Hampshire hills, near the lovely village of C——, is a large, old-fashioned, but still handsome mansion —my boyhood's home. Doubtless you may be able to remember hearing your mother speak of it, for here she, too, an orphan like yourself, and my second cousin, came to live with her nearest relatives, my parents.

"Although for twenty years I have not stepped within its walls, I have had it watched and kept in order, and it stands to day just as it was when your mother stepped out of it for the last time, on her wedding morning.

"I felt that your father had won her from me by unfair measures, and from that day they were dead to me, except for my jealous hatred.

"I brought my mother here to live with me, for my father was dead; and the old home was shut away from the world.

"You will hear me called eccentric, perhaps I am. But I could not bear to think that strangers were under the roof that had sheltered the greatest love and loss of my life, or that strange feet and voices were waking the echoes of the rooms that had so often rung with the music of my darling's merry tones.

"But with you, her daughter and image, it is different.

"It is my wish that you should go back there, and for the next five years make it your home. I do not mean that you are never to leave it during that time, but let it be your home, and try to love it for its own sake as well as in memory of those who once held it dear.

"Living in the village you will find a lady who knew and loved your mother, and who will love her daughter and as far as possible fill to you a mother's place.

"Go directly to her home. I have written to her, and she will expect you.

"As soon as your home is prepared and proper servants engaged, she will go there

with you to remain as long as you stay there, longer if you wish. Trust her, dear child, and endeavor to profit by her advice and instruction, for she will prove a faithful and affectionate friend.

"Any one there can direct you to Mrs. Laura Gordon.

"My esteemed friends and lawyers, who will have charge of this, are instructed to continue as guardians of your affairs until you are twenty-five years of age. They will direct you wisely, while not restricting you in a judicious use of your income.

"At the end of that time, you will be at liberty to continue them in their office or transfer your affairs, at your own discretion. I hope, however, that you may govern both head and heart in such a manner that my provisions for your welfare shall not have been made in vain.

"And now, my child, farewell, and may you be happier than I have been. The fortune I leave you is not enough to make you a prey to fortune-hunters, but it will give you comfort and a safe home, and perhaps cause you to give a kindly remembrance to your erring kinsman,

"OSWALD MAYNARD."

I finished the letter through a mist of tears, this message from the lonely, erring heart, loyal till death to the one love of his life.

To me, who remembered no home, this fixed abiding place presented by the directions of his letter, bore an inexpressible sweetness and charm.

To have a home all my own, and some one to love and care for me, was a bliss unexpired for. And then, above all, to have it the home that had been that of both father and mother!

I rose and clapped my hands with delight. Of course I would go! The only difficulty was that I could not start half soon enough. To follow my desires, I should have started that hour.

But there was yet some business to be attended to. I must see my lawyers and tell them my plans.

So it was a week before I was at length placed on the train that was to bear me away to my longed-for home.

Mr. Ketcham and his son-in-law, Mr. Dunham, had declared that it would never do for me to close my first visit to the city without enjoying some of its pleasures, so they kindly made me their guest, and filled my week with all the enjoyment that could be crowded into it, making me feel, at my departure, as if I were leaving old friends behind me.

It was almost night when I reached the pretty town of C——, lying like a snug nest among the surrounding hills, almost mountainous in their rugged height.

Driving up to a pretty cottage, I was met at the door by a fair, handsome lady, who took me in her arms and kissed me warmly, as she said: "How happy I am to welcome you, my dear child! It is having my dear girl-friend, Avis Leighton, given back to me!"

I loved her at once, before her soft, sweet tones had ceased to vibrate. It was almost like finding myself stepping into Heaven and greeted by my own sweet mother.

How strange it seemed to be drawn into the bright, cozy parlor and feel her soft fingers touching and helping me, while her tender voice uttered words of delight and welcome, as if it were the home-coming of a beloved daughter.

Could it indeed be that I was the same girl who but ten days before had sat friendless and lonely in Mrs. Carter's dull rooms, and wondered what I was living for? And now here, with a home, and this lovely, gracious woman, my own mother's old girl-friend, to be my future friend and companion!

Surely Aladdin's lamp could not have been all fable! Some magic certainly must have wrought this wonderful transformation.

Even more, when my hostess led me into the dining-room with its daintily spread table, sparkling with silver and crystal on its snowy cloth, and so appetizingly and quietly served, did this droll fancy fill my brain, as I contrasted it with the ill-spread, poorly prepared repasts of my past abode, waited on by poor, untidy, awkward Ellen.

And when I reached my pretty room, I dropped on my knees, and with my face on my soft white bed, could only sob: "Oh! I thank Thee, God! I thank Thee that Thou hast given me a home!"

The next morning I was anxious to see my own home, as I proudly called it.

"It is quite a little walk," said Mrs. Gordon, in answer to my query, "but if you are as fond of walking as I am you will find it delightful to take the path through the woods, which are also a part of your possessions. It is a lovely bit of scenery, and I think you will be charmed with the Birches. That is the name of the estate. Some might think it lonely, but I assure you I esteem myself fortunate in having been selected as your companion at your beautiful home."

Expressing my preference for a walk, we were soon on our way.

Entering a piece of woodland on the outskirts of the village, we were soon under the overhanging branches of immense forest trees, under which all the delightful tangle of natural forest growth stretched in profusion on either hand.

Three-quarters of a mile of this scented, songful way, and my companion paused.

"Shut your eyes, and give me your hand," she said, laughingly.

Wondering, I obeyed her.

She led me a little distance, we took a short turn, and stopped.

"Now look!" she said.

I opened my eyes, and cried out in admiration and surprise.

We stood on the upper of three long terraces, lying one below another in

successive natural levels, as even as a floor, and covered with the original forest growth, thinned and underbrushed until it offered no obstruction to the lovely view below.

On the lower terrace, which formed the high bank of a blue lake, stood the house, a large gray stone mansion, quaint and irregular, surrounded by a magnificent grove of silver birches, which were also plentiful upon the terraces, and from which the place took its name.

At the point on which we stood, the path joined a winding gravel drive leading down to the house, and at our right gurgled and tumbled a riotous, hurrying brook, leaping in a series of bright cascades over the terraces to the lake below.

My eyes had never rested on so fair a scene.

"O Mrs. Gordon!" I cried, at last, "can it be possible that this is really mine?"

"It is really and certainly yours, my dear Avis," she replied, putting her arm around me, "and I hope and believe that you will be very happy here. Now let us go down and inspect it more closely."

We went down the drive and around to the front entrance. The grounds showed evidence of having once been carefully laid out; but now the great clumps of roses blossomed in unkempt profusion, and the luxuriant vines about the windows and piazza swayed and swung at their own sweet will, and almost barred our way as we went up the wide stone steps to the door.

Here Mrs. Gordon handed me a bunch of keys.

"Would you like to go in alone?" she asked. "I think you will find it in tolerable order. Your uncle has had it opened and warmed two or three times a year, and put in order, but he has never been here since his mother left it, more than twenty years ago."

"No, no!" I said. "You must come,

dear Mrs. Gordon. I cannot go alone through those empty rooms."

I turned the key in the heavy doors and flung them wide apart.

No shadows here to appall me! Long and wide and sunny lay the cheerful hall, its broad, low stairs curving upward as if inviting us to the rooms above. No dust on carving or in corners, and the sun streaming in, warm and cheery, from a long window of tinted glass at the lower end.

Mrs. Gordon paused at the threshold.

"I have never been here but once since your mother's wedding-day," she said, musingly, "but how familiar it all seems. I can almost expect to see Avis come flying down those stairs to greet me. And it seems but yesterday that she came down with her white silken bridal robes trailing behind her, while your father, so handsome and happy, stood waiting here for her. But Oswald—poor Oswald! he was far enough away on that day! But I must stop this!" she said, rousing from her retrospection. "My poor, little girl, are you *crying*? How cruel of me to cause tears at your home-coming! Forgive me, do, or I shall never forgive myself."

"No, it is not that!" I sobbed, as I leaned my head against the balustrade, "it is only the old memories and associations. Poor mamma! I remember her so pale and sad; it seems as if I were somehow meeting here the ghost of her sunny girlhood. Just let me cry it out, and then I shall be myself again."

Mrs. Gordon went out upon the veranda, and let my storm of homesick longing spend its force.

As we sometimes are swept by a great billow of grief as we return to the grave of some dear one buried long ago, so did all the memory of the long, lonely years of my uncared-for life sweep over my heart as I stood at what seemed to me like the opened tomb of the mother of whom I had been bereft.

Yet I was too young and buoyant to be long oppressed by morbid fancies.

In a few moments I could smile again upon my kind friend, as I begged her to come with me and tell me all about the house.

Arm in arm we went through the pleasant rooms so well kept that it seemed as if the occupants could only just have left them, and as if we were intruders awaiting their return.

Up-stairs we went from room to room, until we reached the last, and Mrs. Gordon turned, her hand upon the door.

"This was your mother's room," she said, softly; "I think it has never been disturbed since she left it. Do you think you can bear to enter it to-day?"

It was well that I had wept my shadows away, for now I could answer bravely:

"Yes, I can have no sealed chambers in my new home; let us face it all at once, since it must be met some time."

Fitting a key into the lock we opened the door and entered. All was in perfect order, and yet its girlish owner might have been coming back at any moment. The little cushioned rocking-chair stood beside one of the low windows, on the table beside it lay a lace handkerchief, as if forgotten by its owner. A pair of half-worn slippers stood beside the hearth—too worthless to carry into the new life. The little trinkets and belongings of a maiden's home life still adorned the room, and from the wall smiled down the pictured face that I so fondly remembered, fairer and happier than I could recall it, and yet the same.

"This room was closed at your uncle's request," Mrs. Gordon said, as we stood looking out at the enchanting view seen from its windows, "and everything left as your mother last saw it. Only old Nancy, a faithful family servant, still living at the village, has ever been allowed to enter here."

"It will be my room now," I said, "and old Nancy shall come and live here again, if she will."

"Aye, that she would, most gladly," answered Mrs. Gordon; "and she is still capable of doing good service. Then a good man and maid-of-all-work, and I think we shall be supplied with sufficient help."

"Can we get them at once?" I asked, eagerly, "for I want to come here and sit at my own ingle-side without delay."

"Shall you refurnish the house first?" she asked. "Your uncle thought you would wish to do so before taking possession at all."

"Oh! no," I cried, "the charm would be gone were modern furnishings brought in. I want to enjoy it just as it is. By and by, perhaps, I may change my mind, but just now I do not want a thing changed."

"Very well," was the answer, "I think you are right, and to me it certainly seems pleasant as it is. I think the necessary help can soon be obtained, and I see no reason why we cannot gratify your wish at once. A family has already engaged my cottage, furnished as it stands. I have but to remove my personal belongings and deliver up the keys."

Having settled upon this, we closed the house, and walked back to the village.

The rest of that day was spent in engaging the necessary servants, and ordering supplies. The next in opening and airing the house with fires on every hearth. The next found us breakfasting in my own vine-shaded breakfast-room, with a well-served table, flowers, and sunshine in home and heart, and nothing more for which to ask.

Having all this accomplished, I gave my attention to my outer belongings. Sometimes with Mrs. Gordon, sometimes alone, I explored and enjoyed every nook and cranny that was accessible far and near.

There was one spot, not far from the

house, that held a special charm for me. Close to one of the little singing waterfalls a gnarled and twisted tree made a convenient resting-place, and here, with my back against a great boulder that jutted out from the hillside, I used to sit with book or work, and drink in all the delicious sweetness of earth and air and sky, too happy to talk or move.

One day, about a week or two after our arrival, as I sat here in my favorite position, my head against the mossy boulder, I heard a peculiar sound, like the strokes of a tiny hammer upon an anvil. Tink! tink! tink! tink!

Believing it to be a delusion, and following up my childish fancy that the whole experience of the past few weeks was a fairy tale, I thought idly, "Yes, this is all fairyland, and those are the little gnomes, working underground. Pretty soon I shall find myself back in that odious back room of Mrs. Carter's, with Ellen pounding on my door for me to come down to greasy beefsteak and batter-cakes!"

But again it is repeated, louder, it seems to me, than before. Tink! tink! tink! tink! This time I open my eyes and look about.

Nothing unusual to be seen or heard.

Again I place my head against the rock, and after an interval the tiny blows begin again. Vainly I puzzle my brain to explain the sound. Can any insect make it? Any underground drip of water cause it? No, sharp and distinct, metal upon metal, whenever my ear is against the hillside, I hear those curious strokes.

Gradually I put my fancies away, and decided practically that I was not deceived. Those were real sounds, and I was curious to find out what made them.

I arose and walked up the hillside. A tangled growth of bushes and vines impeded my progress, but I persevered until I had some idea of the rocky and broken surface of the ascent.

At several open points I had paused

and placed my ear to the ground to see if I could hear any unusual sound, but all was still. Yet when I returned I heard again, at irregular intervals, those tiny ringing strokes.

Thoroughly puzzled I returned to the house, where I found callers, whose visit drove from my mind, for the time, my tantalizing adventure.

But the next day I determined to test the truth of my experience. So I went with Mrs. Gordon to the spot and asked her to rest her head against my cushion and tell me what she heard.

At first she only laughed at me, but soon a puzzled look crept over her face, and she said she heard a sound like the distant tap of a hammer striking upon iron.

Then I told her of my experience of the previous day, and on our return to the house we tried in every way to solve the mystery, but in vain.

A day or two later, as we sat in our pleasant sitting-room, looking over the morning mail, which John had just brought from the village, Mrs. Gordon looked up from an open letter in her hand, hesitated a moment, and said:

"Avis, you know I have spoken of my son Harry; I have a letter from him, and he speaks of coming home for a day or two. He does not know I have already given up our cottage, as he has been away on a business trip, and I have been waiting his return before writing, as he was all the time on the wing. But this letter says, that, as he comes near here on his way back to the city he can remain over for a day or two. Would it be perfectly agreeable to you if I invite him to stay with us?"

"Why, certainly!" I replied, as I went and put my arm around her. "Don't you know that this is now your home as well as mine? Never doubt for a moment that any friend of yours is welcome here, and invite them at your own pleasure. I have no friends to ask!"

Do you ever realize what a lonely girl I am? I have not even any one to write a letter to me, except the dry documents that Mr. Ketchem has sent once or twice, that required my signature!"

"Never mind, girlie!" said my friend, fondly. "Time will remedy all that. But I will write a line to Harry now, and tell him where to find me. And I thank you, dear, for your confidence and regard. "I think you and Harry will find yourselves friends when you become acquainted. He is not so much your senior that you will be afraid of him."

Our guest soon arrived, a tall, fair young fellow, twenty-three or four years old, with tawny hair and mustache, and his mother's sunny smile.

Shyness and reserve could not exist in the atmosphere of his voice and presence. Before the second sun had set on his coming, we were chatting and laughing like old friends.

On the day before his departure, as he and I, with Mrs. Gordon, were walking about the grounds, we reached my favorite nook, and, recalling its mysterious sounds, we told him of it.

After listening at the spot we pointed out, he also became convinced that, from whatever source they might arise, there was no delusion about the sounds.

That afternoon he went off for a solitary ramble, and was gone some hours. On his return he came upon the piazza where we sat with our sewing, looking flushed and tired, and with a preoccupied air flung himself upon the broad step at our feet.

"You had better go to your room and brush up, naughty boy!" said his mother, teasingly. "You look as if you had been tumbling in the leaves."

"Well, I've been on an exploring expedition, up hill and down dale, and have returned traveled-stained and weary," he responded, in the same vein.

"And hungry, I'll wager all you

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found," I added, as I arose to give an order about a delicacy for supper.

"Ah, but wait, young lady! You don't know yet what I have found," he called. "Look at this!" and he flung a bright silver dollar after me into the hall. "You did not know that you had a gold mine on your estate, did you? or a silver mine, which will do just as well, if there's enough of it."

"If this is all there is of it," I laughed, as I tossed it back to him, "I'm much afraid there isn't enough to make it worth possessing."

"Well, I found that in one of your dark, secluded dells," he said.

"Some poor tourist the worse for its loss," I called back over my shoulder, and pursued my way to the kitchen.

"Well, mother mine," he said, that evening, "I must run up and report at headquarters to-morrow, or I shall lose my official head. But if I can get my week's vacation now, with Miss Maynard's permission, I will return on Monday, and I would like awfully to bring a friend with me if it would not be imposing upon your good nature, Miss Maynard, though I confess I tremble to ask it after all the trouble I've made you already," he added, looking at me with mock contrition.

"If you will answer for your friend's making no worse, I'll try to tolerate you both for a week," I replied.

"Oh! Dick's one of the best of fellows," he rejoined, "no more trouble than a kitten. Just let us shoot in your woods, and give each of us a bent pin and some lunch—please don't forget the lunch—and let us go fishing in your pond, and you wouldn't know we were here."

"My 'pond,' indeed!" I retorted. "Any further disrespect of that sort about my Lake Como and you and I—"

"A truce!" cried her mother, fluttering her handkerchief between us.

"Stop quarreling, children, and go to bed."

The vacation was evidently granted, for on Monday Harry returned, bringing with him his friend, a tall, dark, keen-eyed fellow, fashioned like a modern Samson, whom he introduced to us as Mr. Richard Leonard, and bringing also a small arsenal for shooting, and some fishing-tackle.

My hall began to look really impressive.

For the next two days we did not see much of our guests, as they passed the entire daylight in the woods with their guns.

The third night, after supper, they told us they were going to the village and did not know at what time they would return, as Leonard had to do some dispatching of importance, and should wait for an answer.

It was a lovely summer night. Light, drifting clouds softened but did not obscure the light of the moon, the subtle perfume of the flowering shrubs filled the soft air, and although it was late when I sought my room, I still lingered, loth to lose the beauty of the enchanting night, and leaned out of my window, breathing the dewy fragrance in long, sweet draughts.

The clock in the hall below chimed out its twelve silvery midnight strokes, and I was about to turn away and court slumber, when the sharp report of a gun pierced the silence, followed by another and another in close succession, and evidently not far away.

Filled with terror, I fled from my room and met Mrs. Gordon in the hall, pale and frightened.

"What can it mean?" she whispered, as her cold fingers clasped mine. "Can it be that harm has come to Harry?"

We went into the hall below, still lighted to admit the friends on their return, and found their arms were not there.

I flew to John's room and pounded on his door. No answer. Again and again

the same. Impatiently I flung the door open—the room was empty.

Again reaching Mrs. Gordon's side as she stood looking out of the hall window, I stood trembling with excitement, when we saw Harry come hastily down the hill and met him at the door.

"Are you frightened?" he said. "I came as soon as possible to tell you that all was well. No need to tremble so, little woman," drawing my hand through his arm and putting his other arm about his mother "come in here, and let me tell you."

We went into the parlor, and he went on, excitedly :

"It's the grandest night's work! We've got the gang! Haven't you seen, mother, the accounts in the papers of the recent flood of counterfeits that have been found to be in circulation and the great reward offered for the apprehension of the guilty parties? Miss Maynard has won the reward! for right here, in an underground cavern in the hills, led by her discovery of that peculiar hammering, we have unearthed the whole business. Leonard is one of the keenest detectives in the country, and he was sure we were on the right trail as soon as I told him about the sounds and showed him the silver dollar I had found, which was one of the clever counterfeits issued. Yesterday we searched for some clue to their hiding-place, but it was not until to-day that we made our discovery. The most ingeniously contrived entrance that was ever dreamed of, and we found it by the merest chance! Do you remember, Miss Maynard, where the largest cascade falls over that ledge of rock up on the hillside, where the ferns and bushes grow so thick? Well, this afternoon after beating about, peering into every crevice and cranny until we were almost tired out, we lay down in a grassy little hollow to take a rest, and I had just got lulled off into a doze by a big, yellow-bodied bee that kept droning around close at hand, when Dick gripped my

arm, and I opened my eyes, with his hand on my mouth.

"Following his gaze, I saw, through a little arch in the bushes, a man come down the little wood path, pausing, finally, just at the cascade, and after looking cautiously about him, he stooped, lifted the bushes, and with one step disappeared right under the waterfall.

"I turned and looked at Dick, who was watching him like a bloodhound.

"He motioned me to keep quiet, and we lay there for half an hour without moving a limb.

"Then we cautiously crept away, went to the village and wired for extra men, for we did not know how many of the rascals there might be, or what would need to be done.

"Two experienced men came down on the evening train, and we came down and stationed ourselves at various points commanding the entrance to the cave that we now knew to exist within the hill.

"As the probability was that their going and coming was usually done at night, we thought it likely that they might show themselves before the one o'clock train was due, and our conjecture proved correct.

"About midnight the bushes stirred and outstepped a tall figure, closely followed by another, stopping not six feet from where Leonard and I were concealed on one side of the path, while the two new men guarded the other.

"We waited a moment, thinking others might follow, but, as no one appeared, we sprang out and seized the two who stood whispering together, when a third rose up from the opening under the waterfall, but, seeing the situation, he fired twice at Leonard, the bullets going so close that they cut his clothing, and then tried to regain the entrance, but a bullet from one of our men was too quick for him, and sent him headlong into the waterfall.

"No, it did not kill him," in answer to my quick exclamation of alarm. "It only upset him. We drew him out in a minute, dripping and sputtering like a water-god, and swearing like the whole army of Flanders.

"In five minutes they were all handcuffed and bundled into your wagon, which we had borrowed, along with your faithful John, Miss Maynard; and they are off to catch the one o'clock train for the city, according to their original intention, though with unexpected company.

"Leonard is up there guarding the entrance to the cave, and I must go and join him. Now, go to bed, and try to sleep. John will be back soon, and it will not be long until daylight."

With a few words of caution from his mother, he again left us, but, although I went and crept into bed with Mrs. Gordon, neither of us could close our eyes to sleep.

During the day the officers returned and the cave was thoroughly explored, and a large amount of counterfeit coin and bills secured, together with all the appurtenances required for their manufacture.

The cave was a tortuous cleft only a few feet wide, but running back among the rocks that formed the substratum of the hill, and through some fissure of which the sound had been conducted to my resort below.

As the house had been so long uninhabited, and it was not unusual for the place to be visited by strangers, who were allowed to hunt and fish there at their pleasure, it had been a safe place in which to conduct their operations.

The reward was duly paid, and after the detectives had received their share, there was still so much left that I could not induce Harry Gordon to receive it until I consented to give myself to share it.

So in the next sweet June there was

another bridal in the old house, and I am sure that now the sun does not shine upon a happier family group than that one

brought together by the blessed gift of my inheritance.

SEDDIE P. SMITH.

THE CURSE OF TRACADIE.

BY

MARIAN C. L. REEVES.

Author of "A Little Maid of Acadie," "Old Martin Boscauven's Jest," "Pilot Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"There's blood between us, love, my love—
And blood's a bar I cannot pass."

"BUT where's the lad?"

The mail-boat has landed its passengers and crew—or, to be exact, its passengers and crew have landed the mail-boat—in safety on the opposite Prince Edward shore; and the mail-stage is about to start for Bedeque and Summerside, and the French settlements beyond.

The men all disappeared at once into the dining-room of the tiny cottage-inn at which the stage always puts up, only the lad remained behind in the parlor, preferring rest to food, apparently.

Now the six stout horses harnessed to the big red coach on runners are stamping impatiently in the frosty road before the door, and at that of the parlor, standing half-open, Niel Macniel, glancing in, says :

"But where's the lad?"

"I suppose he wasn't going on: he's just off, like all the other fellows. You seem to be the only passenger," the stage-driver remarks. "Oh! no: here's another come."

A girl is turning round from the table at the farther end of the room, where she has been stooping to examine a wonderful creation of roses and dahlias in knitting, under a glass case.

A tall girl, in a dark cloth ulster,

which, as she slowly turns, falls apart in front, not to show its heavy reversible blanket-lining, but to display the womanly skirts looped and beflounced beneath. The big woolen muffler, the slouched hat broadly shading the face have disappeared—instead, a sealskin cap set lightly on the short, curling hair reveals to Niel's astonished gaze—

"Virgine!"

He is at her side; he has taken both her hands in his, forgetful, for the instant, of the manner of their parting, but somewhat constrained by the burly presence of the stage-driver filling up the doorway.

"Virgine! it was you, then!"

An overpowering blush sweeps up to her very brow, losing itself in the soft fringe of bright hair shading it.

"*Faites excuse, monsieur!* what else could I do?" she asks, in a low tone, seeing the driver has moved on to his horses. "I could not have come else. You heard the ferry-men tell how they had refused me already. I could not wait—no, no, I could not wait for the chance of the Northern Light."

He touches the small head gently.

"Virgine, your beautiful long hair—"

She glances up at him with a bright smile.

"*Eh, mon maître!* What was that ancient story you told us one day in the school?—about the brave women of old who cut off their long hair for bow-strings

for their besieged lovers. And I—when I must, I must get back home to help you, besieged as you are, by unknown enemies."

"Then I am your lover, Virgine!"

For all his guarded undertone he says it with a triumph which thrills her in his voice, in his eyes, in the touch of his hand that draws hers masterfully in his arm to lead her away.

She suffers him to do it, since it is toward the stage where she is going of her own will.

But she does not answer him until they are so close to the stage that there is room for but few words.

Then she lifts her heavy eyes, dark with their sorrowful burden, to his.

"Have patience with me, my friend; ask me no more now. Soon, too soon, you will know all. You will come home with me?"

"Answer me this, Virgine," he breaks in, with sudden suspicion roused by her pale, set face. "Home: that does not mean Doncet's house?"

"To the—saints with your Doncet?" she retorts. "What have I to do with your Donecet?" Then, the flash of spirit dying out, despondently:

"I cannot tell you how it is, yet; I am like one groping in the dark. Only this I know, that either way—either way—there is blood between you and me, Niel Macneil. And blood's a bar I cannot pass."

"Virgine! Surely you can never suspect me?"

Unless it were an answer to stretch out her hand that he may help her into the stage, she gives him none.

But he seems content with that. He cannot question her again, as she has timed her words so that anything more would be overheard by the stage-driver.

There is another inside-passenger, who comes up just at this moment, to Virgine's infinite relief, as preventing any *tête-à-tête* with Niel.

A comfortable country dame, with a young pig in a poke, which she deposits under the front seat, between Niel and the driver. Virgine cannot be too thankful, presently, that Niel has betaken himself to that front seat, restive under the restraint of being so near Virgine after these months during which he has heard nothing of her; and yet not free to speak of that which fills his mind and hers.

But Dame Thériault is speaking of it freely enough: describing to the girl, who, as she has just arrived from St. John, cannot yet know much about this great topic of the island, how a vessel was driven on Red-Beach months ago, on a night that had but little wind. How its fate was a mystery, until, not long since, one of the sailors who had been picked up by a fishing-schooner bound up the coast came down again, and began to bruit it about, that the lost vessel had been lured ashore on Red-Beach by false lights. But what fisherman or sailor would have done a thing so wicked? They are all of the *fidèles*, there about Cape Egmont: there was not one who would tempt the saints like that, and ever venture on the sea again himself. No, no, not one of the Acadians would have done it. But the alien among them, he who was never sailor nor fisherman—the Scotch schoolmaster, who had disappeared from the island the very next day after the wreck—well, when this Niel Macneil was reported to have been seen wandering on the cliff toward Red-Beach that same night, and when his handkerchief was found wedged in a cleft of the Red-Beach rocks, with some of the spoils from the cabin of the wreck knotted up in it—*Mais oui*, that speaks all alone; it is the stranger who has done this wicked thing. For an evil secret will out; and when one puts the hands in stolen dough, some will stick to the fingers and betray it. As for this Niel Macneil, does not mademoiselle think he will be caught yet? They have set a price on him; for such a wicked

thing as this has never yet been known on The St. Jean, as Madame Thériault calls Prince Edward Island. And does not mademoiselle believe.

But Madame Thériault just then reaches the wayside farm-house where a group of expectant friends stand waiting for her and her pig. The delivery of the latter and a mail-bag (for the farm-house is post-office as well, the letters being distributed from the parlor cupboard), gives Virgine a moment for a word to Niel.

"You must, you must come home with me," she says to him, with white and quivering lips. "Niel, Niel, however you may manage it, you must come home with me."

He answers her, reassuringly:

"Did you think I should let you go alone, Virgine? Manage? it will be easy enough to manage. I shall go straightway and show myself to my friend, old Sheriff Maclaren, and if he cannot trust me to come back and deliver myself up to him in the village—why, then, he can just fash himself to follow me up to the Painchand cottage."

But this last to himself, not to Virgine.

CHAPTER V.

"Whispers like the restless brook."

"GRANDPÈRE—"

It is very softly that the girl says it, and she goes softly and kneels down beside the arm-chair drawn up to the glowing hearth.

She has left Niel Maciel standing in the doorway; she must have one word apart with her grandfather first.

The other door stands ajar into the weaving-room; she can catch a glimpse of the grandmother's gray woolen skirts as she sits at the loom, the clank of which cumbrous machinery deadens all other sound to the worker's ear.

The old man appears to hear nothing,

leaning forward as he is, with a hand on either arm of his chair, and his eyes fixed on the ruddy flare of the great driftwood fire.

"Grandpère, it is I, your little Virgine, come back to you again."

They are very different words from those she had intended to speak; but he looks so old and feeble that a rush of pity overwhelms her.

He is staring into the fire without changing his position, or taking the slightest notice of her, except to repeat one word out of her little speech:

"Virgine—Virgine. Eh, but she is *reelle mauvaise!* She *will* know everything—the wreck, the—Domitilde, my cabbage, send her away—you *have* sent her away?"

"Eh, Ensèbe, *mon homme*, rest tranquil; I *have* sent the poor child away. See, Ensèbe—"

His sharp, querulous voice has called the wife from her loom, and brought her to the door which she is pushing open, at the same time speaking to him soothingly as to a child:

"See, Ensèbe—"

What she sees herself stops the words on her lips, almost stops the beating of her heart.

As pale as death, she leans against the doorpost, staring at those two: the girl upon her knees, the young man in the doorway opposite.

Virgine, still on her knees, stretches out her hands beseechingly to the old woman.

"Speak to him, grand'mère, to my grandfather. Tell him I will indeed know everything. I know too much already to be blinded again. Let him speak out and tell the whole truth: how and why he can prove that Niel Maciel yonder is innocent of wrecking the schooner on Red-Beach that stormy night last summer. For if my grandfather will not speak out, I must."

The grandfather is speaking fast enough,

but it is in a strange, monotonous undertone, only half audible.

“—Wreck—Baie du Vin—a taint of blood—blood—blood—”

The last word ends in a smothered cry; his head falls forward on his breast, and the hands twitch convulsively that clutch the arms of his chair.

Madame Painchand is beside him in an instant, brushing the frightened girl out of her way, putting some restorative to the shivering lips, laying the palsied gray head upon her breast, stroking it down there with a gesture infinitely tender.

“See then, Ensèbe, it is nobody but me, your own stupid old Domitilde. Nobody shall come and trouble you, my friend. Only your old Domitilde. Nobody shall harm you, *mon homme*.”

She looks at the two defiantly, over the helpless gray head in her bosom—the two, who hold together yonder, just within the threshold; Virgine having crept tremblingly to Niel, who gathers her fast in his arms.

Madame Painchand makes them both a meaning sign toward the weaving-room; and they pass noiselessly into it together, leaving the door just on the latch behind them.

Virgine withdraws herself from Niel then, and sits down on the stool before the spinning-wheel, laying her arms upon the shining round, and bowing her head down on them.

When Niel would have drawn near, she guesses at his movement, and raises her head just to forbid him with a gesture.

Yes: there *is* blood between them!

There is nothing that can be between them, to part them in Niel’s mind.

But he will not trouble Virgine at this moment: and so he waits.

A less time, perhaps, than it seems to both: when Madame Painchand comes in softly, and closes the door behind her without a sound.

“He is asleep,” she says first, as if that

were what these two were waiting in suspense to hear.

But there is more to follow; and she tells the whole now, seating herself quietly before the loom, where she had sat and told Virgine the lie about the leprous taint of blood in her.

The lie: she calls it that, quite quietly now, does Domitilde Painchand, without a blush of shame bringing a tinge of color to her gray, set face.

“Should I not lie for *mon homme*?” says this old heathen. “I have given him everything, all my life: should I not give him my soul itself, if it could serve him? It can serve him no longer, the lie: so here is the truth, for little Virgine’s sake. I am sorry, but very sorry, always, to have to hurt the child.”

“Grand’mère—”

“But when it comes to a choice between hurting the child, and risking a hurt to *mon homme*: you see?” she adds, as if that hint of an argument were unanswerable.

Niel moves a pace nearer to where Virgine now stands leaning against the gaunt frame of the loom. The girl gives him a grateful side-glance from under her long lashes, but dares not turn her face away from her grandmother.

Domitilde Painchand sits with her toil-worn hands folded in her lap, listlessly, as if all their work were taken from them. For why should she struggle any longer to guard and shield her man? *Le Bon Dieu* has taken the task from her, making it useless. “You have seen for yourselves,” she says, looking about her with a weary gesture; “my man is a harmless imbecile now. He is beyond the reach of the law; it will never punish him now, any more than it would a little, helpless child. He as helpless as a child, who cannot lift himself from his chair in the chimney-corner, and who knows nothing clearly but his old Domitilde. He will wreck no more ships, even in his dreams.”

Even in his dreams. It is very quietly

that Domitilde Painchand tells out the whole story now; its terrors have lost their power to shake her soul since her man, as it were, passed beyond their reach.

But, quiet as she sits there, with only an occasional slow gesture of her hands, or shrug of her expressive French shoulders, she sets the whole story so vividly before the two young people, that when Niel suddenly comes to Virgine, and draws her hand resolutely in his arm, she clings to him involuntarily, as though everything else was insecure and dizzy in the stormy scene.

For this bare, dim room suddenly widens out (as if Domitilde's low words were an incantation) into the Inner Bay of Miramichi, that sweeps in on the New Brunswick coast. Just there, where Domitilde seems to stand with her hearers, it deepens further into Baie du Vin, and yonder is Vin Island, where, two centuries ago, a vessel trading for the French seigneur of the settlement, went ashore. There was fine wrecking for the *habitants*, as in their ancient Bretagne, the sea was a good cow, and let down rich yield to them. The ship was laden richly. In its cargo were wines from the Levant, and—leprosy, also imported from the Levant, in the rare Eastern stuffs. Leprosy, that thence spread among the wreckers of the Baie du Vin, and now is the curse of Tracadie. All that was long ago. This later night which Domitilde conjures up is black enough for wrecks. A heavy fog is rolling in from the gulf, blotting out the lighthouse on Portage Island, and confusing everything. The Gulf-Ports steamer is behind her time. Painchand sees her just coming in, as he gropes his way to the dangerous cliffs with his lantern, searching hopelessly for his one cow astray in the fog. He cannot mistake the steamer by her lights. As he watches them a fierce temptation seizes on him, overpowers him.

It is not *mon homme*, who does that

wicked deed, Domitilde is very sure: it is the Evil One entering into him, taking possession of him body and soul. *Mon homme* is helpless; it is the Evil One grasping his hand, and swinging the lantern in it to and fro, to imitate the motion of a ship's-lantern riding at anchor in safe waters. The Evil One, taking advantage of the desperate straits into which Painchand was driven by stress of poverty. He was prosperous enough, Ensébe Painchand, when he married Domitilde, and brought her away from beyond Tracadie, down to his own neighborhood of Baie du Vin. But, yes, prosperous enough then: doing a little at farming; a little more at lumbering, up the Miramichi River in summer-time; but most of all in fishing, owning his own trim schooner. Then suddenly reverse had followed on reverse. Forest-fires thinned his timber out, once and again; a succession of bad seasons cut off his hay and his potatoes; his schooner was lost at sea, and by that same blow his farm was being swept away from him for debt. Half maddened, he was casting about in his mind for some scheme, any scheme, by which he might keep hold of at least a handful of the green fields his father and his grandfather had owned before him.

Eh, well, that was the way the wicked deed was done: the steamer was broken on the bar. It was not the Evil One's fault that so few lives were lost, that almost all the passengers and crew escaped in the small boats. And Painchand had flung his lantern over the cliff, the instant the Evil One loosed his grip of him, and had put out in his dory, in the black night, to rescue as many as he might. And never a bit of the rich cargo would he touch, though next morning the seas washing in, laid some of it at his very feet, under the cliff. For all that, he could never forgive himself, nor get the evil dreams and visions of that foggy midnight out of his bewildered head. And sometimes in the night they forced him

out-of-doors: anywhere, anywhere within sound of the sea, to act that terrible scene over again in his sleep. It was that which had kept Domitilde always so watchful, that little Virgine had never even guessed the truth. But that night at Red-Beach—fast asleep he was, and cunning in his dream, as sleep-walkers are, when he slipped out-of-doors with the stable-lantern; and the fishing-smack was lured upon the rocks.

Virgine draws a long, deep breath of relief, as one might who has just escaped some overwhelming peril. She halfturns to Niel, then suddenly lets fall his arm, and faces round on the old woman.

"Grand'mère, that is not all. I am not sure even that it is the worst."

"Eh, child, is it for you to be more difficult than the good saints? for they forgive! And never any gain made of the evil deed; and suffering, such suffering as might let a soul out of purgatory. Is it for you—"

"Grand'mère, was it in a dream that my grandfather hid Niel Maciel's handkerchief—the handkerchief my hands had worked for him—in that Red-Beach cliff, to be dragged forth, a lying, false witness against an innocent man? In a dream? Answer me that."

She does not answer her, she only lets her head fall forward on her breast, rocking herself back and forth, as one in pain of body.

No shadow of compassion for her softens the fire in Virgine's eyes. She flashes them round on Niel Maciel.

"Leave us," she says. "You see what manner of folk we are. Leave us together."

But, for all her withdrawal, he has both her hands in his, he has caught her to his breast, holding her fast.

"You belong to me, Virgine. What is all this to me? You belong to me."

Old Domitilde lifts up her haggard face.

"Take her away, you," she says to

him. "You are right, she does not belong to us, though her father was my little lad. But she is different; always she has been different. It is the white soul in her. Take her away with you; leave my *vier' homme* and me to our darkness. Only—" with the faintest mockery of a smile—"you must not go away thinking the darkness blacker than it is. We did not think to harm you by diverting suspicion from my old man. We believed you were safe and far away; that you would never come back—"

In the midst of that last word she pauses, with suspended breath. It is at a slight sound from the inner room, she supposes.

She starts to her feet with a vigor one would not have thought to find in her a moment since.

"He needs me," she says, from the doorway. "You will take her away, Niel Maciel. And you will come back for—what is it they call it?—my *affidavit* of the way the vessel went ashore at Red-Beach? As for Baie du Vin, you will see for yourself there need be nothing said of that."

"Grand'mère—"

But she is gone, and before Virgine can follow her she is aware of a face at the uncurtained window, and is sure that it was a sound there and not in the adjoining room which startled Domitilde away.

Her terrified glance seeks Niel questioningly.

"Dear, we have nothing to fear," he tells her, reassuringly. "Yes, it is the sheriff from the village, he told me he would keep an eye on me, as I came up. Good-night, sweetheart! I must go out to him."

They are parting so, conscious of being overlooked from that window.

But Virgine lifts her troubled eyes to her lover.

Is he her lover? can he forgive her this taint in her blood?—a worse taint than even that fatal curse of Tracadie?

Her eyes ask the question her lips cannot frame.

"My White Soul!" is what he says to her in answer.

Then the girl locks both her hands over his arm.

"Let me go out with you to that man one moment, Niel, before you go away. I

will not have you led away as if you were guilty."

"To-morrow, Virgine."

"To-day, to-day! what, do you think I will wait when I have come home to save you from your enemies?"

"Then *I am* your lover, Virgine!" he says again, and leads her to the door.

[THE END.]

LITTLE BOW-LEGS.

IT certainly was a dreadful day for the middle of March; the sleet was being driven in clouds along the streets by a keen east wind, and roads and pavements were deep in slush. Nurse Grant paused just within the threshold of a small house in Old Road, Stepney, to unfurl her umbrella and gather up her skirts. "I will call again this evening, Mrs. Evans, but I think the danger is past for the present, and you need not be uneasy."

"Thank you, nuss, I'm sure. Please God, things will go better now."

"Well, I really think she is round the corner; but be sure she takes plenty of nourishment. Good-morning."

"Oh! nuss, I nearly forgot, so I did! Will you just call at No. 9 and see Little Bow-legs?"

The nurse nodded; she was already out in the street, and the wind would have drowned any verbal reply. Her black veil was blown across her face, her umbrella creaked with the strain upon it, and nurse gave a little shiver as she hurried along, pushed on by the wind as by unseen hands. When she reached No. 9 she gave a sharp double rap at the knocker and then watched a grating in the pavement to the left. A face appeared below it presently and nurse nodded; a moment

after the door swung open and nurse dived into the welcome shelter.

"Very dark down-stairs to-day, isn't it, Miss Moses?"

"It is so, nurse; but I'm glad all the rooms are let."

"I'd rather have one up-stairs room unlet, I think, and get more light and air. I wonder I don't have you for a patient, living in a cellar like that;" and nurse shook her head severely and began to climb the stairs. On the second landing she opened a door and entered a low room lit by one small dirty window. There was a bed in one corner of the room, and a large table covered with crockery, sewing materials, papers, etc., stood in the middle. The walls were hung with bird-cages of every description, some wretched little wooden things, others nice large breeding-cages, and all occupied by birds, who were fluttering and singing and filling the room with noise. Several strings were stretched across the ceiling, from which damp garments were hung; and diving under these, nurse reached the fireplace, before which a small boy was sitting. He had not heard her enter because of the birds; but directly he saw her, he got up from the floor, and seizing various rags, threw them over the cages from which the loudest

songs were trilling, and then pushed forward a chair and said: "Sit down." He was a boy of about seven, with a well-shaped head and clear pale complexion; on his face was a grave expression, as of one weighed down by weary experiences.

"He is very ill, nurse. Do you think he *can* live? He is to be my very own, if he does;" and he held up a wretched-looking canary he had been cuddling under his coat.

"It looks very ill, Jim. Has it caught cold?"

"I b'lieve so. He used to sing beautiful, better nor all the others put together, and now I think he'll die."

"I hope not. But you didn't send for me to see the canary, did you?"

"No, nurse." The boy paused and covered up his bird. "I want to go to the 'ospital."

"I'm afraid, dear boy, they can't do anything for you there."

"Oh! yes, they can; they can do most anything. Do take me."

"But, Jim, it would be a horrid operation, and you would have to stay in bed for weeks."

"I don't care; I don't care for nuffin, so as to be like other boys. Now, I can't run, but I tumbles down, and they shouts after me everywhere: 'There goes Little Bow-legs!'" The boy's voice quivered, and nurse looked distressed.

Just then the door opened, and a woman came in with a black bundle in her arms. "Bless me, nurse, is that you? Sure you are good to that boy. I dunno what he would do without the books you lend him, for he can't play like other boys."

"Is that work, Mrs. Millan? How are you getting along?"

The woman unpinned the black bundle and threw it on the bed. "Flannel trousers, nurse. A nice job to do in a muck of a room like this. They birds sprinkle dirty water over everything."

"Better than no work; and the birds paid the doctor's bill last year."

"That's true too. How's Betty Evans?"

"She is much better to-day. About this boy of yours, Mrs. Millan; he says he wants to go to the hospital to see if they can straighten his legs. What do you wish?"

"Wish! I wish I'd never married his father. He's got his father's legs, and he'll get his father's temper soon, I specs."

"I don't know anything about his father; but I think Jim is the best and most intelligent boy of his age that I know. Do you wish him to go to the hospital?"

"As he likes," replied Mrs. Millan, carelessly. "I don't believe nothing will make those legs straight. Taint as though it were an accident; it runs in the family."

"If anything could be done, it would probably be by breaking the bones of both legs, and the boy would be in bed a month. Could you lie quietly on your back for four weeks, Jim?"

"Yes, or a year, so as I should be like other boys."

"If he's set on it, nurse, he'd better go, if you can give him a letter."

"I will give him a letter," said nurse, rising. She glanced round the crowded little room, and longed to put in a plea for more space and light; but experience had taught her it was useless. The Millans were very respectable; but the husband was an enthusiastic politician, and his spare time and cash were devoted to the cause of his particular creed. He also had legs so bowed as to be a hideous deformity, and perhaps this had helped to embitter the man's spirit. Poor Mrs. Millan had a hard time of it often with this cantankerous husband of hers; and her speech had grown very sharp, her nature hard, through constant collision with the man she had married from love and pity. She had to work to keep the home together; and small room though that home consisted of, it was often difficult to pay the rent. So nurse made no complaint of the untidy, close room, but wrapped her cloak

around her, and nodding good-bye to Jim, went forth into the storm-driven streets again.

That very afternoon she applied to the matron of the District Nursing Society, and secured an out-patient's letter for Little Bow-legs. She scarcely thought the surgeons would attempt to straighten such crooked limbs; but the boy might become more content were he once persuaded that his burden was inevitable.

Mrs. Millan took Jim to the hospital the next Saturday afternoon. They found many friends in the out-patients' waiting-hall, and Mrs. Millan enjoyed a good gossip before Jim's turn came to enter the surgeon's room. At last the porter passed her in; and a nurse in a white cap and apron came forward and took the letter, and after glancing at it, stripped off Jim's shoes and stockings, and set him on a chair before the surgeon. A few rapid questions were asked, and several of the students examined the legs.

"My boy, do you want your legs put straight?" asked the surgeon at last.

"Yes, sir."

"You are quite sure you are willing to bear some pain?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give him a ticket for the children's ward, Smith. Next case, nurse."

Jim's heart failed him for a moment when he found himself in the long ward with so many curious eyes fixed on him as he walked along in his ungainly manner. Every one seemed very busy, and a nurse whisked a screen round a crib and slipped Jim into bed in no time, and then dismissed his mother, telling her to come again the next afternoon. Jim pulled the clothes over his head, and cried a little, but presently a baby girl in the next crib began crowing at him, and Jim played bo-peep with her through the bars. Gradually he gathered courage to look around. There were such lots of pictures and toys and flowers about in this large, bright room that Jim thought it must be like the

fairy palace in the book Nurse Grant had lent him. Presently there came down the ward a tall woman in a dark dress, but wearing a soft, white cap with long floating strings, and a dainty apron. She had the most beautiful face Jim had ever seen, and she was always smiling. There were some people who knew Sister Mona well who said that when she wasn't smiling her face was the saddest face on earth. But Jim never saw Sister without a smile, and because of the love and compassion which dwelt in her eyes he always thought she looked like the photograph of the Christ which hung opposite his bed. The Sister stood beside his crib while she read his entrance ticket; then she had a look at the poor crooked legs. She talked cheerfully to Jim all the time but seemed to understand as no one else had done, what a grievous affliction is an ever-present deformity. However, the next day when Mrs. Millan came, Sister took her into her own little room and asked her seriously to consider whether she desired her son to undergo an operation before she came to a final decision.

"Bless me, Sister, I brought him here for an operation. I certainly aint a-going to take him out again. He gave me no peace till I brought him; now here he must stop till summat's done."

Sister turned away and went to question Jim, but he only reiterated his mother's statements. His one wish was to be like other boys.

It was Tuesday afternoon when the celebrated surgeon, Mr. Pell Taylor, came to make a thorough examination of Jim. He was followed by a crowd of students, to whom he pointed out the most remarkable features of the case. He bade them notice the absence of all signs of rickets; he commented on the strangeness of such a deformity being inherited, and he told them that the outside world would say osteotomy was a cruel operation, not to be undertaken merely for the cure of a deformity; yet it was at the express wish

not only of the parent but of the small patient himself, that he was about to perform that operation. And in conclusion he bade the dresser of the case make a cast of the legs as they then were, and told Sister to have Jim in the theatre the next day at three o'clock.

After all, poor Little Bow-legs was only a child and was very frightened when the time for the operation drew near. But he knew nothing about it. He remembered waking up and feeling very sick, and his legs pained him, and he cried a great deal. Then he slept again, but when he woke the pain was still there, and his head ached, and he cried again. Then Sister came and tried to soothe him, but he scarcely heeded her till she said: "Look at your legs, Jim."

He dried his eyes, and Sister threw off the bed-clothes—and there were two straight legs tightly bandaged up between thin wooden boards, and slung from an iron cradle. He gazed in amazement.

"That's right, dear; don't cry any more, for you are no longer Little Bow-legs. Drink some milk, and go to sleep."

For the next few days Jim was very quiet; his legs were rather painful, and he had to lie flat on his back always. Then gradually he got more cheerful than he had ever been in his life before; he chatted with the other children and played with the toys the nurses gave him, and whenever his bed was made, he gazed anxiously at those two straight legs in the wooden splints. Did they really belong to him? Should he ever stand upright on them and walk like other boys? Mrs. Millan came constantly to see Jim; for she was a good mother as East-end mothers go. She was never cruel to the boy; she was even kind to him in her own way; but she never dreamed of petting or caressing him.

"How's my bird, mother?" Jim always asked.

"Oh! it's all right; ever so much better

nor it was when you was always foolin' it about. I reckon you'd better sell it before next winter, though. You'd get five shillings for it easy."

Jim had another plan in his mind, but he kept it secret for the present. At last, after many long days of patient waiting, came the anxious time when the splints were to be removed. The great surgeon himself was there to see the result of his skill; and oh! with what suspense Jim watched while bandage after bandage was unrolled and the bits of wood were taken away. He held his breath while Mr. Pell Taylor ran his hand over the thin little legs and then lifted first one and then the other.

"Yes, that's all right, Mr. Roberts. Wonderfully successful! Where are those casts?"

Sister fetched the casts of the two little bow-legs out of a cupboard, and Mr. Roberts put them side by side with the straight limbs which Jim was eying so anxiously. Were they really his legs? He tried to move one, and it felt dreadfully heavy and queer, still it did move a little, and certainly the great surgeon seemed content.

"Splendid! splendid!" he exclaimed. "We must have a cast of the legs as they are now, and keep both for comparison. Put a plaster-of-Paris bandage on now; but before the boy goes out, be sure and take a cast."

"Is it all right, Sister? Shall I be able to walk on them?" whispered Jim.

"Yes; it is quite right. You shall run races and win them, in a week or two."

The next time Mrs. Millan came, Jim told her the good news with a smile. The old grave expression was leaving his face, and he was always laughing now.

"I suppose you'll be home soon?" said his mother.

"I s'pose so. Do you think father would give me a cage for my bird? I've got tenpence here the doctors and people have gave me."

"Bless me, child, you can keep the bird where it is till you sell it."

"But it's my very own bird, mother, and I don't want to sell it. I want to give it to the doctor what made my legs straight."

"You little stupid! he don't want a bird."

"Please, bring it next time, mother, and let me try."

Sister was rather dismayed when she found a canary in full song located at Jim's bedside; but when she learnt what was in the boy's mind, she was greatly pleased. A few days afterward she came running down the ward; and none of the children had ever seen Sister run before,

so they called out: "Hi! Sister!"— "Golly! look at Sister running!" But Sister only smiled, and ran on till she reached Jim, who was sitting on a small chair with two crutches by his side. Sister seized the cage and put it in Jim's hand and whisked away the crutches. Just then Mr. Pell Taylor entered the ward, followed by the usual crowd of students.

"Now, Jim," said Sister, "walk to meet him and offer him the bird."

Jim struggled to his legs and walked down the ward, firmly and uprightly, till he met the great surgeon. "For you, sir," said Jim, holding up the cage, "'cause you have cured my bandy legs."

INJUSTICE.

SHOULD the kisses of the morning
Never more our eye-lids press,
And its breath of perfumed sweetness
Never more our lips caress,

Would the friends who judge so harshly,
Judge us then as they do now?
Would they bend in careless censure
O'er a pale and waxen brow?

Or would Charity, regretful,
Mantle every fault of ours,
And the breath of mild forbearance,
Sweet as sweetest summer flowers,

Float above the open casket,
Touch the cold lips, like a kiss
Sweet—almost—were Death, if only
Pulseless hearts could feel such bliss.

Will it comfort us, I wonder,
"Over there," to feel, at last,
That appreciation crowned us
Though our need of it be past.

Or will angel-hearts grow sadder,
Stiller grow the angel song,
When we know the loving kindness
Which we hungered for so long,

Came in fullest, freest measure,
When the coffin-lid was prest,
With its weight of flower-fragrance,
O'er a peaceful, pulseless breast?

It is now we need compassion,
Kindly thought and helping hand;
Not when tender angels bear us
To a fair immortal land.

SADIE CREAGER.

A RULER OF DESTINY.*

CHAPTER VII.

A HEAVY dash of rain, that nearly took my breath, partially revived Archibald, who had been merely stunned by the electric current, with which he was happily not in fatal range. With the assistance of Mr. Russell, who appeared on the scene just as the carriage arrived, we were soon measurably sheltered from the driving force of the storm, and on our way to the Day farm-house a quarter-mile across the fields.

"Why not return at once to Sunny Slope?" I begged with anxiety, for Margaret, who, though coming slowly back to consciousness, still lay helplessly in Esther's strong arms.

The girl shook her head. "It is too far in this drenching rain. And, besides, I want to see you all restored to a normal condition before you leave the Day premises. For, indeed, I fear you will never want to venture on this field again. It seems to hold an evil enchantment, doesn't it? First, that accident to you, and now this double deal of Fate in the case of Mrs. Heath and Mr. Archibald. Aren't you using that arm too freely? I noticed when you dropped on your knees there by Mrs. Heath on the field, you snatched your arm from its sling and began work as if nothing in the world was the matter with it."

"My arm?" I said, vaguely, with struggling recollection of its infirmity. "Really, I had forgotten that I had an arm."

"I—I had not," said Archibald, faintly, grasping at the hand which I suddenly stayed in the passes I had been making over the head supported by the cushions beside me.

With a strange tremor I essayed to with-

draw my hand, but it was held so closely that I—with shameful willingness, I feared—ceased to resist, remembering that a sick man's fancies must be humored, and that—he was dear to Margaret.

The rain was yet pouring furiously between blinding sheets of flame when we reached the house where Mistress Day was waiting for us, she having prudently hurried away with her younger daughter, while the rest of us remained to watch the clouds which seemed to have repaid us with savage wrath. The Captain, also, had left the luckless hay to later suns, and arrived, wet and dripping, in time to lift Mrs. Heath from the carriage and carry her tenderly within, while Russell, equally drenched, from his run by a cross-cut path across the field, stood ready to lend a helping hand to Esther and myself, and seeming to experience a grim pleasure in the dependence of Archibald who staggered into the house leaning on the strength of his sinewy arm.

"Great Cezar of Rooshy!" exclaimed the Captain, giving the artist a sympathetic hand. "You had a pretty dernd close call—beg pardon, ladies—that old, army trick hangs to me—we've got a good deal to be thankful for, an' we'll sing a psalm tune bimeby. But just now—hello, mother! these two fellows are wet as drowned rats. Can't you hunt up a lot o' my old clothes? Them that you've got laid away for tramps 'll do. And your best bib and tucker for the ladies."

Margaret had been borne into the guest-room, and when I saw her conscious and smiling at last, and resting, after the struggle with her wet dress, in Mrs. Day's motherly best wrapper, I breathed a fervent Thank God! and escaped with Esther to her bird's nest of a room under the roof,

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where I soon found myself in dry and dainty apparel.

When we went down-stairs I laughed out of sheer joy to see Archibald in Captain Day's Sunday suit, which hung about him in ample folds suggestive of collapsed sails or, as the Captain expressed it, "A shirt on a bean-pole." He reached out a congratulatory hand to me from the sofa on which he was half reclining.

"Please excuse me for not rising," he said, beckoning me to the chair beside him. "Pray, sit down. My head is certainly somewhat addled. It needs your hand upon it—so. There is a magical power in your hand. I felt its inspiring, vitalizing influence the instant you touched my forehead in the carriage, though you thought me barely conscious."

A jesting retort rose to my lips, but I had not grace to utter it. Some strange, delightful mood of silence possessed me, in which I became, for the time, unmindful of my dislike for Mr. Archibald.

"It is because he is ill," I thought, "and I am really so happy that he is not dead—for Margaret's sake."

The rain had slackened and the lifting clouds revealed the pleasant and refined interior of the Day farm-house which, in the haste and flurry of our entrance, I had scarcely noticed, except as a shelter from storm. Now the simply furnished parlor seemed to me the most beautiful and home-like apartment I had ever entered, though striving afterward to define the charm I could not really find it in my recollections of the room at all.

"What was it," I asked of Cousin Margaret, two days later, as we sat together on the veranda at Sunny Slope, "what was it that made that evening at Captain Day's so delightful? Thinking of it now it seems as witching as an 'Arabian Nights' entertainment, and that old brown farm-house was a sort of enchanted palace."

Margaret, who was still weak and languid from the shock and exposure of that

festive afternoon, looked at me with a curious, analyzing smile.

"No doubt," she said, "the charm lay in the swift reaction from a sense of danger—of death."

"Ah, yes, that is the only rational explanation," I returned with wondering assent. "I felt such unspeakable pleasure, peace, and comfort in the consciousness of your well-being after the terrible fright of seeing you lying like one dead beside the dead, though Mr. Archibald revived before we had time to bewail him. It grieved me that you could not know at once. I said to you over and over, 'He is alive! Margaret, dear Margaret! He is alive!' And by your smile of content before you were able to speak, I was satisfied that you knew. For you like him very much, do you not?—and this was why I was so happy in his restoration—for your sake. Indeed, when you were able to come into the room and lie there quietly smiling, though saying so little, it seemed as if Heaven had suddenly descended in the farm-house parlor. What delightful things the charming Esther was continually saying and doing, and the homely humor of Captain Day was positively delicious. Even the darkness of John Hugh was illuminated in that atmosphere of joy, and he became a cloud with a silver lining."

Mrs. Heath looked at me still with that curious, analyzing smile. "It appears that we ought to hear from Mr. Archibald, does it not?" she said, as if the thought had just occurred to her. "He is slow in reporting himself."

"Yes," I responded, with no hint that I had been anxiously thinking the same thing, only failing to speak of it because—because I had no wish to arouse anxiety on her part. "Do you not feel that it would be well for you to call on him at his boarding-place? It is possible—indeed it is probable, that he is not able to go out."

"Yes, if you wish, I will send for a

carriage at once, and we will drive around by the village, where he is domiciled," Cousin Margaret said, looking at me with waiting acquiescence to my will in the matter.

"Oh! it is nothing to me," I hastened to say, with bland indifference. "I don't feel any special interest in Mr. Archibald, except—except on your account, Cousin Margaret."

There was a shuffle of feet on the floor behind us, and Lorinda appeared with a slightly hesitating air, rather unusual with her.

"Hem-m! Thought I would jist come out an' drop down here a minute," she said, taking a seat beside my own with a friendly air. "Arm is 'bout as good as ever, haint it, Miss Tyrrell? I notice you're a-using it quite a little. Dear me! how pretty them embroidery silks is!"

"Is there anything you wish to inquire about, Lorinda?" questioned Mrs. Heath, suggestively.

"No—no, ma'am—not about the—work—but—"

Lorinda hesitated, picking up the hem of her apron and beginning to fold it in very even crimps.

"Do you find the new cook any more agreeable than at first, Lorinda?" I asked, merely to manifest my interest in her interests.

Lorinda's eyes flashed, and she tossed her head spitefully. "She's *too* agreeable—that's what's the matter!" she declared, dropping the closely crimped hem, and giving her apron two or three vigorous brushes. "Making eyes at Leander the whole time, an' soft-soapin' him till he feels 's if he was President of the United States."

"Pleasant for Leander," I softly suggested.

"Yes—jist makin' a fool of him," retorted Lorinda, scornfully. "Don't take much soft soap t' upset a man. But I'm going to put a stop to it. He's been a-wanting me a long time to name the day,

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an' I'm goin' to name it. Did think I'd wait till he got a little fore-handed, but I can't stand it to see him bein' made a numb-skull of—"

"So you are going to ask me to dismiss Leander?" gently questioned Margaret, who had first employed Leander as a protection against the ghost which Lorinda had mortally feared.

"N—o, I was jist a-going to ask you if —him and me might—might have a day off—to—to get married into," explained Lorinda, with mounting color. "I think 'taint egzactly proper for him an' me both to be a-livin' at one place an' not be married. Ma thinks so, too." And Lorinda cast her eyes down virtuously, ignoring the fact that she had made Leander's service a condition to her own.

"Why, certainly, I will grant you a holiday for marriage—but why go away for the little ceremony?" said Mrs. Heath. "Why can it not be performed at Sunny Slope?"

"Oh! yes!" I joined in, "let us have a floral arch erected on the lawn, and all your friends invited to a wedding feast, and Nora, the new cook, shall make the cake."

Lorinda's eyes sparkled. This was a subjugation of the enemy on which she had not counted.

"That'll be jist perfectly splendid," she cried, rising and expanding with pleasurable excitement. "I'm going right off to hunt up Leander an' name the day."

"The doomed Leander," Margaret laughed, as Lorinda disappeared.

"We will have him decorated with flowers—a lamb led to the sacrifice," I said.

"A mule," corrected Margaret, "I mark that Leander has, with all his amiability, a quality of stubbornness that is likely to off-set the little domineering habit of Lorinda, which is, after all, only a feminine bluster of words that may end in a burst of tears."

A strange boy coming up the steps at

this moment, held out a package, with evident doubt as to whom he was to present it.

"Somethin' Mr. Archibald sent ye," he said, looking from one to the other.

Mrs. Heath took the package addressed to herself with a look of recognition, and breaking the seal, found therein a note which she read, and passed to me.

I have a fancy that I can read character from chiropgraphy, and always seize on the first bit of handwriting from one I do not fully know as a kind of revelation which I am fond of regarding as trustworthy. Intent, therefore, on the study of Mr. Archibald's firmly balanced script, I was scarcely conscious of what it said until Margaret asked me, with that curious smile again :

"Shall I bid him come?"

Then I read—

"DEAR MRS. HEATH:—I have to apologize for retaining the package which I went back to find for you, and which I put at once in my pocket to protect from the rain just beginning to fall. After that you will excuse me for forgetting all about it, as I seem to have forgotten everything the next instant. To-day, however, in putting on the coat (which Madame Day so deftly dried and refreshed on that memorable evening) I found the package, which I immediately recognized as yours, and I make haste to restore it, begging a thousand pardons that I allowed the electric current to intercept its delivery.

"I should be delighted to bring it in person, but have to deny myself that pleasure as I am not quite certain of my lone return from a region of supernal illumination as yet. I beg you will assure me by return messenger of the welfare of Miss Tyrrell, and of your own safe recovery from the effects of the Hay Festival. And may I hope for your permission to assure myself of your well-being by an early visit to Sunny Slope—

if you will kindly receive a dazed visitor?

"Devotedly yours,

"RALPH ARCHIBALD."

"Shall I bid him come?" repeated Margaret, as I unconsciously renewed my study of the letter.

"Why couldn't he have said something witty about himself?" I remarked, evasively. "There's no use treating the matter in such a profoundly serious way. Why, certainly, have him come, if you wish."

Margaret walked in to her writing-table (I had marked that she used the great secretary standing before the secret door when working on her book), and returned presently with her note for the waiting boy, who made haste to escape.

She still held in her hand the package that had been restored and at which she looked with a troubled air as she sat down.

"Really, I don't know that I am glad to have this thing returned to me," she said; "though since it came in my possession I have carried it about my person until that day when I accidentally lost it. I have thought of asking you to share with me its secret—whatever it may be—but the fear that it is something uncanny and haunting to your imagination has restrained me."

"What in the world is it, pray?" I asked, recognizing, as she unfolded the package, the roll of manuscript that she had held in her hand when I met her coming from the mysterious room beyond the great secretary on the day after our arrival at Sunny Slope.

"It seems like a message from the dead," Margaret replied, solemnly. "It is a manuscript written apparently by a hand that has been lying for more than twenty years in the grave. After the visit of my agent I went into the room which I had forbidden any one to enter during my long absence, and which I found very nearly as

it was left after the death of the—of my husband. There seemed to me some evidences—no, I will not say that,” she interrupted herself in an agitated way, “but I brought away this manuscript, which certainly does not appear old, and which I do not think was in the room when I last entered it. I have been trying ever since to gather courage to read it, and have borne it about with me everywhere, as though it held some secret charm—but I have yet only been able to read the first line, so startling to me is the familiar hand which I cannot reconcile with the paper which would be yellow with time if that hand had traced it. In my need for communication with some one about the matter I was moved the other day to draw the troublesome packet from my pocket, with the idea of committing it to Archibald, in whom I feel strange confidence, but I had not arrived at the point of speaking on the subject when the storm burst upon us and in the flurry of gathering up our traps I unconsciously let fall the manuscript, in recovering which Archibald so nearly lost his life. If he had not escaped at a measurably safe distance from that fated tree I should have borne the guilt of his death upon my soul.”

I caught my breath with a desire to escape the contemplation of past contingencies.

“Let us read the paper now, and have done with it,” I said, with cheerfulness.

“Have you ever in your rambles about the place visited the Heath burying-ground, Sydney, dear?” Margaret asked, with an appealing look.

“No; I should like to,” I answered, readily.

“Suppose you get our shawls, and we will walk there—it is not far. It seems to me as good a place as any to read this communication, if it may be called such,” said Margaret, rising. “At least we shall be free from interruptions there.”

The sun was just setting as we came up to the little height in the border of a small woods, where a gleam of marbles marked

the resting-place of past generations of Heaths. Entering the small inclosure by a wire gate half hidden by the untrimmed arbor-vitæ hedge in which it was set, Margaret led the way to a shadowed corner of the plot, and paused silently beside a sunken grave on the headstone of which I read the name of Arthur Heath, with record of death, which I marked, because of its coincidence with the year of my birth. Margaret stood a moment with bowed head as though in wordless prayer, and then, touching me with her cold hand, moved over to an iron seat by the headstone which indicated that the place had once been the haunt of a mourner.

As we sat down together, I put my arm tenderly about her, while she with shaking hands unfolded the manuscript, and in a low, tremulous voice began to read.

CHAPTER VIII.

“I HAD always thought it a weakness to submit to any mistake in life, or any so-called decree of Fate which was manifestly evil in its consequences. If I had consciously or unconsciously done a wrong, there was no reason under heaven why I should not undo it so far as in my power was possible, and in my judgment there were with man, under God, few things impossible.

“Therefore, when I discovered to my humiliation and grief that I was married to a woman who, with the whole strength of her being, loved another man, I at once determined to set her free to follow the law of her own choice, which I argued, from my faith in the clear instinct of the womanly nature, must be true, and should not be thwarted through any selfish and ignorant action on my part.

“And how was I to set free this beloved one whom for two years I had called my wife? The bond seemed all the more difficult to sever, because on my side there was the truth of a deep and abiding affection, yet the very force of my love rendered unendurable the continuance of a

union which was not reciprocated, and which consequently chafed me no less than it galled the spirit of the unwilling wife. There had never been any discussion of our mutual miseries, nor any suggestion of relief. The fact of the sin committed had come to my knowledge through written words accidentally falling in my way. I could not force any speech about it. This would only have deepened the sense of wrong, and accentuated the unhappiness which was hard enough to bear in silence.

"Perhaps I did not act with entire justice in the event that transpired almost in conjunction with the knowledge that came to me of our loveless union. When in the pain and bitterness of that time my little son was born to me in an apparently lifeless condition, I said in my heart, 'To her he shall be dead,' and I took upon myself the responsibility of a human destiny unacknowledged to one who should have had the deepest interest therein."

[Cousin Margaret, pale as ashes and gasping for breath, here dropped the manuscript with shaking hands, and leaned against the tombstone for support.

"I—I cannot read on, Sydney," she said, with choking voice. "In God's name take the manuscript and finish its contents for me."

I took the paper from her trembling hand, which I held tenderly in mine, while I resumed the interrupted reading in as soft and sympathetic a tone as the text would admit. As I went on, the writer's love and striving spirit of justice seemed to possess me.]

"But let this pass. It is but one link in the chain of reasoning by which I established my right to be the arbiter of Fate with those whose lives were so closely—yet unwillingly—joined to mine. In my hands I believed I held a power over life and death, which should set right the mistakes I had made, and restore the woman I loved to her first choice. I had long been secretly experimenting in my laboratory with subtle agencies of nature

which would suspend physical activities at will, and renew them at pleasure. All that was lacking was a faithful ally on whom I might depend to perform my bidding, and I should be able, by the laws of God and man, to free my wife from bonds that had become no less hateful to me than to her. Having resolved upon my plan of release, which should be orderly and absolute in the eyes of the world, I made every possible arrangement for the permanent care and comfort of my love, and with the excuse of business bade her good-bye and went back to the country-place where I had spent many a long night in the fascinating employment of my chemical studies and experiments. The old homestead had other charms than these. Here I had passed the first months of my wedded life in blissful ignorance that it was not as real as I believed; though unsatisfied, I waited the developments of a later time to fulfill my somehow unrealized expectations. Fool, and blind, I thought at last, that I did not sooner know the cause of my vague unrest and disappointment.

"There was still another and stronger reason for seeking Sunny Slope as the scene of my exit from life in the character so well known to all dwellers here as pure, just, and honorable. There was one man, humble, simple, uncultured, but with a soul of such faithfulness and unswerving loyalty to me, that I knew the secret I should be compelled to intrust to some one might be for all time safely committed to him. He had known and served me from boyhood, and never had I found him under the severest temptations ready to betray a secret which he shared with me, nor did I believe the tortures of the rack would ever force him to break a promise he had sacredly given.

"Yet it was not without a degree of repugnance that I took the loyal Jim into my confidence in a matter so close to the deepest part of my soul. Nor did I wholly repose with him my reasons for the

action, in which I required his prompt, unfailing support with a silence that no power of earth could break.

"Enough that I had determined to die to the world as Dr. Heath, and that he should secretly bring me back by the process which was a part of my art, and of which he was to be the mechanical factor. I had to listen to the honest fellow's protestations, and calm his tremor of doubt and fear as to the result of my bold tampering with the fixed laws of life and death, but his confidence in me was sufficient to win at last his promise of earnest co-operation, and there remained to me but the hour and the deed.

"I had so often experimented on dumb animal life in this secret laboratory which was never entered by any one but myself, that I felt reasonably confident of the success of my venture since assured of a faithful ally on whose perfect obedience to my previous commands depended my final restoration. But, with a calm realization of the possibilities of failure, I made every preparation and provision for the fatal issue of the event which I contemplated.

"Not to give my demise the appearance of willful suicide, which was far enough from my purpose, I wrote a paper before submitting myself to my proposed test, stating that I believed I had discovered a new process by which, in cases demanding painful surgical operations, all physical sensations could be suspended without subsequent loss and danger as by other methods, and that I had resolved first of all to try the experiment privately on myself and to abide the result. Should it prove fatal, as I was positive it would not, it was my last request to my professional brethren that no autopsy should be performed, but that I should, after the expiration of twenty-four hours, be quietly entombed with as little remark as possible, since nothing could be said in praise or apology for such a mad experimenter in chemical science.

"Only with my faithful friend and servant I left the secret of my restoration

and the reserve of money which I had provided to sustain me in another country and under new relations of life.

"Satisfied with the preparations I had made to give the woman of my choice an entire freedom, I sat composedly down to the inhalation of the subtle gas evolved from the combination of strange liquids that I had cast in the crucible before me, knowing that the residuum would afford no clue to any hereafter curious analyst who might undertake to penetrate my mystery.

"I was no believer in immortality in the accepted sense of that term. That through all changes of matter there was an informing and infilling Power slowly directing all things to higher ends—this I vaguely understood, and therefore coldly believed. But personal immortality, as preached from Christian pulpits and cherished as the balm for earthly woes, appeared to me a fond delusion of self-love and a diseased, perverted sense of the importance of the insignificant individual atom in the grand scheme of the universe, to whose progress we contributed our predestined mite of usefulness in the order of laws which left us no responsibility but to follow our distinct leadings. Into what use I should be transposed by the chemical change of death I did not know—nor care—believing that therein I had no more choice than the blasted leaf that falls from the tree to cover and nourish the roots that shall feed its successors.

"Consequently, I felt that if, by any chance, death should follow my bold venture, I should be appropriated to some end which could be no more of my election than had been my birth into mortal life, whose purpose was, and ever must be, unfathomed by human intelligence that wrestles and dies without conscious victory.

"The darkness and silence of dreamless sleep was what I expected to blot out my slow dimming sense of the tangible world, and my last mental grip on the righteousness of my impelling motives. But I think I scarcely lost my consciousness of

immediate surroundings before there seemed to proceed from the inmost heart of my being a roseate sphere of warmth, widening and widening, and growing momentarily more luminous with an inconceivable light and glory that at last wholly enveloped me. There was perceptible to my exalted sense, which appeared to have risen wholly above the body, a subtle, exquisite perfume that filled the radiant circle about me, and made, in fact, its atmosphere. Gradually, through that gracious, glorious light, which was not dazzling, though indescribably brilliant, there dawned upon my vision the figures of two ineffably beautiful beings, who, with infinite tenderness, had drawn near to me, as though with some mission of love and mercy, whose object I knew not, but whose comfort I fully felt. They made no speech with me. They looked at me simply with a soft, still, penetrating gaze that read the inmost thought of my life, which, at this time, was one of self-justification for the deed I had just done. They did not condemn, neither did they approve. They seemed but to hold me unmolested in this wide, warm, fragrant, luminous, and silent sphere, beyond which I began to hear a vague, dull, thundering sound like the surging of a great sea. Listening to this, I turned away from the divine eyes that had held me by a power to which something in myself responded, and instantly the clear, shining sphere of peace that had enveloped me seemed darkened as by the swift drifting of a cloud over the noonday sun, and the surging sound broke into a clamor of striving voices pressing closer and closer on my sense. I essayed to speak, but my tongue was paralyzed. I strove to rise, but every muscle of my body—if it was my body—seemed hardened and irresponsible as stone to my will. I no longer felt the presence of the shining ones, who, through communication with the heavenly part of me, appeared to have created the atmosphere in which I had dumbly

experienced the glow of a celestial happiness. I had now but a vision of darkness, and a growing insensibility which gradually lapsed into that entire unconsciousness which was my idea of death. Could it be, after all, that I had put an end to the hopes and strivings of the only life I should ever know?

"A shudder of pain went suddenly over me and through me. It seemed to have been ages since I fell into that dead, dreamless sleep. It was yet dark. Still lying motionless, and with closed eyes, I strove to recall the day of the week, and the work on which I had been engaged, and was to continue as usual with the break of light. I rubbed my eyelids, which were weighed down with a strange heaviness, indicating to my drowsy sense that I had toiled and studied late. Then it grew evident to me that there was a soft, cool waving of hands before my face, and a touch of electric fingers on my eyes. I opened them without effort, and looked around on a wide, white, wintry scene, with no color except in the sky, which was of a cloudless, brilliant blue, with a kind of interior glory, dazzling, but cold.

"'Where am I?' I questioned, standing up and facing an Adonis-like youth beside me, wearing the costume of a Greek fashioned of some shining white fabric, and confined by a girdle of sapphire, which lustrous color also appeared in the simple toque that crowned his classic head.

"'This does not appear to be the place where I expected to arrive,' I said, doubtfully, trying to recall some event of my journey. 'Will you be so kind as to tell me the name of the country?'

"'You are now in the spirit world, my friend,' responded the handsome youth, with sweet courtesy.

"I laughed incredulously. 'It is true enough that I seem to have lost my senses,' I said, 'but for all that you cannot convince me of impossibilities, though urged in so suave a manner. I cannot

tell how I have lost my way. I am like a man who, by concussion of the brain, misses a link in the chain of events and cannot properly connect them."

"The youth did not make further attempt to solve my mystery, accepting my rejection of his information with silence and sweetness.

"I turned away with a perplexed effort to grasp at some clue which would assist me to an understanding of my arrival at a point so evidently foreign to my expectations.

"I intended to go direct to Liverpool," I said, recalling the purpose on which I had brooded so long before I fell asleep, "and thence to the south of France, or possibly to Italy, my choice depending on the best conditions for—"

"I paused, looking a little doubtfully at the friendly, even tender faces of the group that had gathered with welcoming words about me, but, feeling that they would understand and sympathize, I went on. 'For the child you know. But it appears that I might be very well satisfied here—that it would be a good place for the infant—'

"I paused, breathless with delight in the exquisite beauty of the world into which I had come with the tender yearning thought of my little child. It was no longer winter, but the vernal, fragrant freshness of spring pervaded the atmosphere, and the impulse of joy and hope, peculiar to that season, thrilled divinely through my being. The groups of beautiful children appearing in the distance, impressed me more and more with the desire to see my little son brought hither and placed at once in such lovely association, and I said without hesitation that I must find a way to bring him, beginning to make swift inquiries about passage, and feeling vexed with and ashamed of my stupidity and ignorance concerning my own method of arrival.

"The courteous and affable person to whom I addressed my remarks shook his

head with doubt as to the feasibility of my plan.

"Could it be that I was regarded as a miserable impostor, a penniless adventurer by these cultured and manifestly superior people? I clapped my hand upon my breast-pocket with the conscious sense of a man of means. To my astonishment there appeared to be nothing there, and it came to my recollection that I had intrusted my money to some one who was to deliver it to me on my demand, but under a name which I could not at that instant recall. I thrust my hands in my pockets in search of some memoranda or other paper that might assist my memory, but drew forth only a letter—the last letter of my wife—which I opened and read with strange interest as though it had but just been received. There was no special reference to myself in it. She did not speak of any longing for me. She knew, she said, that in my devotion to study and research I felt no need of her in my country retreat. But she grieved so inexpressibly for the babe, whom she never saw. If she could but have seen his face, though dead, it would have been some consolation in the terrible blankness that had shut down on all her fond hopes and dreams of the child. But she knew that I had thought it best in her weak, half-conscious state to have the little lifeless form laid away in its cold cradle of the grave without her knowledge.

"A sharp pang of retributive pain shot through my soul as I read these words, and all the radiant world about me darkened as with the falling shades of night."

Margaret had risen in deep agitation, and was walking to and fro in the twilight that was fast deepening to the darkness in which the strange author of the manuscript was now groping.

"I really cannot see to finish the story, dearest heart," I said, laying down the remaining pages and joining Margaret in her walk between the graves. "Let us

get away from this uncanny place. It is not the scene of our hero's adventures—"

"Ah, Sydney, but where is he this moment?" questioned Margaret, with intense yearning. "He died, he was buried. We stand beside his grave. Do the dead come back to write words like these?"

"It is possible that—"

The sharp report of a gun, the whizz of a bullet, and a crash through the thick-set hedge behind us interrupted my answer.

"Thunder and blixen! 'Twant nothin' but a grave-stun, arter all!" drawled a familiar voice, and the lank figure of our friend Jim emerged with a struggle from the tangle of cedars, with hand firmly clutching his faithful gun, which appeared to be his favored companion afield.

"Jim!" I cried, reprovingly, "what do you mean by a proceeding like this? You might have taken our lives, and you have certainly quite unnerved Mrs. Heath by your startling intrusion on our privacy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"I—I—didn't mean to," blubbered Jim, crouching like a whipped dog. "I seen you comin' off up here alone, an' I jist run an' got my gun an' come along a ways behind to perfect ye. For I'm seen it a sneakin' round in the grave-yard afore now, an' I was sure I seen it t' night. I seen sumthin' white a-movin' up an' down, an' I jist fired to scare it off."

"We are very much obliged for your kind intentions, Jim," said Margaret, with her usual gentle tolerance. "But please be more certain of your aim after this, and confine yourself to prey whose habits you know. Recollect that the phantom you see so often does not exist except in your imagination."

"And, Jim, it doesn't pay to waste your gunpowder on it," I added, decisively.

"Yes—no—ma'am," meekly assented Jim to both propositions, shouldering his gun and preceding us quietly to the house.

BLIND EYES.

SO much, so much we cannot understand!

So much that leaves the soul unsatisfied!

Ofttimes we turn beneath God's chastening hand,

And, in the passion of our human pride, Feel that our mighty Maker is unkind— Because we cannot see—our eyes are blind.

We cannot see why we should suffer so, Who have not deeply sinned or gone astray.

O blinded eyes! how can we rightly know How far we wander from the blessed way!

Our finite vision cannot see above us The stretching shade of the Almighty wing.

We cannot know how truly God doth love us, Nor how He strives from pain His peace to bring.

We cannot know because our eyes are blind;

We turn away from God's anointing hand;

And, groping, seek that we can never find, Until, in perfect peace, we calmly stand—

Content to wait till we shall plainly see In the new light of an eternity.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.



ROSALINE.

“ **L**IKE to the clear in the highest sphere
 Where all imperial glory shines,
 Of selfsame color is her hair,
 Whether unfolded, or in twines;
 Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
 Resembling heaven by every wink;
 The gods do fear whenas they glow,
 And I do tremble when I think.
 Heigh ho, would she were mine !”

THOMAS LODGE.

JACK'S NIECE.

A CAB drew up in front of the officers' quarters in Overbridge Barracks one cold December evening, and a young lady leant out of the window and spoke to a man standing near.

"Does Captain Kerr live here?" she asked.

"Yes, miss," answered the man; "and I'm his servant. But the Captain's at mess just now."

"Oh! dear! how unfortunate. I suppose I must come in and wait. Please have my boxes taken in and pay the cab."

This being done, Private Jones, looking somewhat surprised, notwithstanding his natural stolidity, ushered the visitor into his master's sitting-room, poked the fire, and said :

"Shall I let the Captain know you're here, miss?"

"When does he come back from mess, generally?"

"He'll be back early to-night, miss, for he bid me keep up a good fire, as he was coming to write letters after dinner."

"Then I will wait." And taking off gloves, hat, and jacket, the girl drew a comfortable-looking arm-chair near the fire and sat down—presently falling into a gentle slumber, the result, no doubt, of the warmth after the cold air outside.

When Jack Kerr returned from mess, at a comparatively early hour, he was surprised to find the passage he shared with several brother-officers blocked up with trunks, and he wondered "which of the fellows" they could possibly belong to.

"Whose are these, Jones?" he asked, seeing his servant standing near.

"The young lady's, sir." And noticing his master's inquiring look, added: "The young lady in your room, sir."

"The what? What do you mean? Young lady in *my* room? What are you talking about?" And without waiting for any answer, Captain Kerr pushed open his door, and there—

He could scarcely believe his eyes. In front of the fire sat a girl of eighteen or thereabouts, asleep in his arm-chair; two tiny feet in a dainty pair of buttoned boots reposed on the fender, and altogether she had the air of being thoroughly at home. Jack's eyes opened, his jaw fell, and all he could say was: "Good gracious! why—"

At this the sleeper awoke, and catching sight of the new-comer, jumped up and exclaimed :

"Here I am, Uncle Jack! Are you not surprised to see me?" Then, seeing his look of blank astonishment, added: "I'm your niece, Daisy; your sister Mary's daughter."

"My sister Mary's daughter!" repeated Jack, still feeling very much at sea.

"Yes; mamma said she would write to you, but I suppose she has not done so yet. She is always putting off things!"

"I have not heard from my sister for years," said Jack, still looking bewildered.

"No. I call it quite shameful the way mamma has dropped out of sight of all her people! But, you see, papa has been such a rolling stone ever since we went to America—"

"America! why, it was to Australia Mary went."

"O Uncle Jack! we've been in America for years, and I certainly thought mamma had written to you since then. I see I shall have to give you all the family history. Papa found he could not get on well in Australia, and, hearing of an open-

ing in California, we—that is, he, mamma, the boys, and I—all migrated there. After that we stayed in several places; and now papa has at last found a very good berth in New York."

"And where have you come from now, and how did you find me?"

"Well, you see, I had never been in England, and last year a great friend of mine, Alice Lee, married an Englishman, Mr. Dene, and came over. A short time ago she wrote and begged me to come and pay her a visit, and after a great deal of persuasion papa and mamma let me do so. Mr. and Mrs. Carter were coming in the 'Ocean Queen,' and took charge of me on the voyage. Alice was to meet me at Liverpool. But when we got there I found a letter from her saying Mr. Dene's father was dying and they had been telegraphed for. So, as they could not meet me, I was to go straight to Feltham Park and stay till they returned. I just hated the idea of that, and thought I wouldn't go if I could help it. While thinking what to do, I happened to see in a newspaper that the Fiftieth Regiment was at Overbridge, and, as I knew mamma's brother was in that regiment, I said to myself, 'I'll go and look up Uncle Jack.' At first the Carters rather objected, and said I ought to go to Feltham and write to you from there; but I felt it would be such a waste of time and so dreary in a strange place alone, so I came straight here. The Carters had to pass Overbridge on their way to London, and I came with them so far. And here I am, and I hope you're glad to see me, Uncle Jack?"

Poor Jack's puzzled countenance certainly did not express much joy. It is rather trying to have a niece, whose existence has hitherto been unknown to one, suddenly come up and plant herself on one's hands in such a summary fashion. Very embarrassing to a bachelor officer living in quarters; and this Jack felt most decidedly.

Daisy watched his face anxiously, and then exclaimed: "Don't say you're not pleased to see me, Uncle Jack. Do you know, you're ever so much younger and nicer-looking than I expected, and I felt as soon as I saw you that I should have a happy time with you."

Good-natured Jack Kerr was not proof against this piece of flattery from a very pretty girl, whether she might chance to be his niece or no; so he smiled, and said: "Well, you see, Daisy, it's rather awkward, because, to tell the truth, I don't know what to do with you. You can't stay here."

"Oh! why not, Uncle Jack? It would be such fun."

"Impossible! Why, I've only two rooms, and this is the bachelor officers' quarters. No lady *could* stay here. So we must think of some place to take you to at once. It is very late to go to a hotel, and I don't like the idea of your being at one alone—and—and— Well, this is the rummest go!" Jack murmured ruefully to himself, "and I *don't* know what to do." He certainly looked the very picture of embarrassment.

Daisy also looked grave. "I'm afraid I've been very foolish, and am giving you no end of trouble. Perhaps I ought not to have come? Perhaps it was not the right thing to do. But in America we have so much freedom, it never struck me in that light. I think I'd better go off to Feltham by the next train." And Daisy looked inclined to cry.

"Nonsense! Why, my dear child, it's nearly ten o'clock, and you can't travel about by yourself at night. But I do wish you had telegraphed or something, and then I should have been ready with some plan."

"Isn't there anywhere I can go to?" asked Daisy, piteously. "I'm so tired, Uncle Jack, and so hungry."

"Hungry! poor child! Well, I can remedy that." And Jack summoned Jones, and dispatched that stolid worthy to

the mess to order a nice little supper: "Cold chicken or something of that sort, as quickly as possible."

Jack walked up and down the room, looking much disturbed and racking his brains for some plan as to what to do for this unexpected guest; and Daisy sat by the fire, saying nothing, but with her brown eyes full of unshed tears and a sadly pitiful expression. She did feel she had acted foolishly and impulsively, and was full of remorse.

In a very short time Jones returned with a most dainty little supper on a tray, and, setting it down on the table, asked: "Did you find a note from Major Allarton, sir?"

"Allarton!" cried Jack, "that's it! Eat your supper, Daisy, and don't move till I return. Just stay outside the door, Jones, and don't let a soul come in." And, seizing his cap, Jack tore out of the room, down the stairs and across the barrack square to a large house standing by itself near the gate. Hastily ringing the bell, he asked: "Is Mrs. Allarton at home, and will she see me?"

In a few seconds the servant returned, preceded by Major Allarton. "What's the matter, Jack?" said the latter. "Come in; my wife's in the drawing-room." And, without waiting for an answer to his question, he ushered Jack into a cozy lamp-and-fire-lighted room, where a pleasing-looking lady, no longer very young, rose to greet him kindly, but with evident surprise at so late a visit.

Hurriedly Jack told his tale and the predicament he was in.

"I don't know what to do, Mrs. Allarton, so I thought I'd come and ask your advice—it's awfully awkward."

"Bring her here. I will have the spare room made ready at once, and then in the morning we can consider what is best to be done."

"Oh! how good of you!" exclaimed the much-relieved Jack. "But I hardly like to take advantage of your kindness

in that way—a girl you've never seen and know nothing about."

"She's your niece, Jack," answered Major Allarton, "and I hope we're old enough friends to do each other a good turn without either feeling put out about it. Mrs. Allarton is right; bring her here at once."

Jack hurried back to his quarters and in a very short time reappeared at the hospitable Allarton's house with Daisy—the latter feeling very subdued and rather alarmed at the idea of being handed over to a strange lady. But as soon as she saw kind Mrs. Allarton and heard her pleasant, cheery voice making her welcome, all Daisy's fears evaporated, and she was once more the bright and smiling girl Jack had found sitting by his fire. Mrs. Allarton looked approvingly at her pretty young guest in her neat dress and jacket of brown cloth trimmed with otter, with cap and muff to match—all very becoming to the fair young face and neat little figure.

"It is late, my dear, and you will be glad to get to bed, I'm sure, after your journey," said Mrs. Allarton, after they had all sat and talked for a little time, and Daisy had told again how she had come to look for "Uncle Jack."

"You'll come and see me in the morning, Uncle Jack?" asked Daisy, as she said good-night.

"She's a very pretty girl," said Major Allarton. "I shouldn't mind having her for a niece myself! Come and have a smoke." And he led the way to his den, where he and Jack were soon established in two easy-chairs, with a box of cigars before them.

"Your niece has gone to bed, Captain Kerr, and is very happy and comfortable," said Mrs. Allarton, putting her head in at the door. "Good-night; come as early as you like in the morning."

Daisy awoke after a good night's rest, feeling as fresh as the traditional rose, and

appeared at breakfast looking so like one that both Major and Mrs. Allarton lost their hearts to her. Her pleasant, unaffected manner, too, impressed them most favorably—and they both inwardly pronounced Jack's niece "a success."

"Fancy, this is my first breakfast in England!" she cried. "It seems like a dream that I should be here—and, oh! how good of you to have me. I felt so frightened and miserable last night when Uncle Jack said he didn't know what to do with me, and now I'm so happy. But—I suppose I must go off to Feltham to-day," she added, ruefully.

"No, no," answered kind Mrs. Allarton. "Now you are here you must not hurry away. Until your friends return to Feltham, you need not think of going there."

"You're just in time for the ball to-night," added Major Allarton, with a smile.

"A ball! Oh! *may* I go—do you think Uncle Jack will take me?"

"If he won't, I will," said Mrs. Allarton, who could not suppress a smile at the girl's eager face. "But have you a dress ready?"

"Yes; such a nice new white frock! But I want things; gloves and shoes, a fan; and—"

"I think Overbridge can supply all you need," laughed Mrs. Allarton. "And here comes your uncle."

"I must make some arrangement to relieve you of this young lady to-day, Mrs. Allarton. I think I had better take her to Feltham Park myself—"

"No, no, Captain Kerr; now she is here, let her stay for a little. I am delighted to have her. And there is the ball to-night; she will enjoy that."

"You're too good! But I don't like—"

"O Uncle Jack! *don't* send me away till after the ball!"

"Well, Daisy, as Mrs. Allarton is so kind—"

Everything was soon settled. The Allartons had really taken a fancy to Daisy, and were genuinely pleased to have her—and the girl was only too glad to stay with her new friends. Jack went off much relieved; promising to return at twelve o'clock, after his morning duties had been performed, and take Daisy out shopping.

As they walked back to the Allartons' when shopping was over, they met some people on horseback. "Oh! how I should like a good gallop!" cried Daisy, looking after the riders longingly.

"Do you ride? have you a habit? If so, I'll take you for a turn this afternoon. One of my horses carries a lady."

"Oh! how delightful! There's nothing I like so much as a good ride," answered Daisy, eagerly. "I do think you're the very nicest uncle I ever heard of!"

Nothing could have been neater than Daisy in her habit, and her uncle felt a thrill of affectionate pleasure as they set off for a long ride together. "Really, Mary's girl is the jolliest little thing I've ever met, a charming niece, and one a fellow may be proud of," he thought. If there was one thing he was particular about it was how a lady looked on horseback, and Daisy satisfied his fastidious taste in every respect. She sat well, too, and seemed to be perfectly at home in the saddle. "I have ridden ever since I was a baby," she said.

Both Jack and Daisy thoroughly enjoyed their ride; a decorous trot till they had left the town behind them, and then a good, stirring gallop over the open, breezy downs; and as Jack lifted his niece off her horse at the Allartons' door she said: "I *am* having a good time, Uncle Jack. After all it *was* a happy thought of mine, coming to look you up." And Jack answered heartily: "Very glad you did, Daisy, though I fear I did not give you a very warm welcome at first; but 'all's well that ends well,' and,

thanks to the Allartons, this has ended capitally."

If Daisy looked well in her habit, in her ball-dress of soft white tulle she looked quite radiant," and Mrs. Allarton was amused to see how all his brother-officers came and begged to be introduced to "Jack's niece." The story of her arrival had not leaked out, and Jack had only said his niece was "staying with the Allartons for the ball," and as Captain Kerr and the Allartons were well-known to be great friends, this had occasioned no surprise.

"Hullo! Carr, back in time for the ball after all," said Jack to a tall, dark man, in the uniform of the 50th. "I thought you weren't coming till next week."

"Yes, I am back sooner than I expected, and feel rather out of it, knowing so few people. By Jove! What a pretty girl in white, talking to Mrs. Allarton; who is she?"

"That's my niece. Come and be introduced."

"She's very like some one I know—and I can't think who it is," said Captain Carr, looking puzzled. "What is her name?"

"Gaskell, Daisy Gaskell; her mother is my sister." And Jack, having by this time reached the end of the room where Mrs. Allarton and Daisy were standing, said to the latter:

"Daisy, I want to introduce Captain Carr of our regiment to you."

"Another Captain Carr," said Daisy, as she smiled and bowed. "Fancy two in the same regiment."

"Yes, but we don't spell it the same way," said the new-comer; "'KERR' and 'CARR.'"

"Oh! I see; but still it must be confusing sometimes."

"Can you give me a dance?" asked Captain Carr.

"Well—later on, perhaps—but you

see how full my card is," and she smilingly held up a card covered nearly to the end with initials and hieroglyphics.

"May I have this valse, No. 19, Miss Gaskell?"

Daisy looked up, surprised. "You may have the valse, if you're asking me, Captain Carr, but my name is not Gaskell."

"Not Gaskell? Why, I thought your uncle—"

"No, no," she said, shaking her head and smiling. "I'm sure Uncle Jack never said that was my name—"

"Then may I ask what it is?"

"Douglas, Daisy Douglas," she answered, as she moved away with a partner who had come to claim her.

"Douglas!" repeated Captain Carr, with a look of intense surprise. "How very odd!" And catching sight of Jack Kerr at that moment, he went up to him and said:

"Look here, Kerr, why did you say your niece's name was Gaskell?"

"Because it is," replied Jack. "Who says it isn't?"

"She does."

"Good gracious! What can she mean? Why, my sister Mary married Archie Gaskell and went off with him to Australia, and last night that little girl turned up here and said she was my sister Mary's daughter. And now—what can she mean? It's some joke, Carr, depend upon it."

"I don't know what to think; but I don't believe it is a joke. She says her name is Douglas."

"Nonsense! If she's my sister Mary Gaskell's daughter, how can her name be Douglas?"

"Jack," said Captain Carr, "I believe there's some mistake. I have a sister Mary who is in America, and is Mrs. Douglas—and it's my belief this is my niece, not yours. The moment I saw her I was reminded of some one I knew, and now I've got the clue. She's the image of

my sister Mary as I can remember her first when she married Douglas. They went to Australia directly after, and then to California, and I've heard from her at long intervals from America since then. She has one girl and two boys; and, by the way, I believe I'm god-father to one of the latter."

"Carr! Can it be possible? But I do believe you must be right! My sister married when I was quite a boy, and went to Australia, and I never heard she had gone to America till my niece—or—your niece—confound it! I'm getting awfully mixed—told me so last night; and your story tallies exactly with hers. She asked me if I didn't think her like mamma, and I must say nothing could be more *unlike* my recollection of my sister. But this is a go! Who is to tell her? It's very awkward, Carr—"

"Suppose we say nothing about it tonight, and get Mrs. Allarton to tell her tomorrow?"

"Yes, yes," cried Jack, much relieved. "But it *is* awkward! By the way, your name isn't Jack?"

"No, it isn't; but as Adolphus, the hideous name given me by my god-parents, was thought too long and ugly for home use, my people always called me 'Jack,' and I suppose Mary still continues to think of and call me by it. Presently I am to dance with your—no—*my* niece, and I will try to find out all I can from her, so as to be sure there is no mistake *this* time."

Jack Kerr was decidedly uncomfortable at the turn things had taken. In even so short an acquaintance he had grown fond of the bright little girl who came so unexpectedly to claim him as a relation, and he feared the impending revelation would be anything but pleasant to her, and that it would cause much awkwardness. However, if kind Mrs. Allarton would undertake to tell Daisy of her mistake, it would relieve him of a very distasteful task.

Valse No. 19 arrived at last, and Captain Carr claimed his promised partner.

"Are you quite sure of my name now?" she asked with a smile.

"Yes, Miss Douglas. I don't think I shall make any more mistakes. Do you know you are very like a Mrs. Douglas I once knew. What is your father's name?"

"Charles—and my eldest brother is called after him. Number two is Jack, after my uncle—who is mother's only brother. But though he is always called Jack, and my brother had the same name given him, funny enough, I believe my uncle's real name is Adolphus. But that is *too* dreadful—how would *you* like to have such a name?" and Daisy looked up at him smilingly.

"Not a pretty name, certainly," he answered; and added: "You have never seen your uncle before, I suppose?"

"No; I only arrived from America yesterday, and really I'm quite ashamed to tell you how I came and took Uncle Jack by storm. It was rather awkward, you see, because he did not know where to take me." And then she proceeded to give him an account of her adventures from the beginning, adding: "I can't say how kind dear Mrs. Allarton is. She has made me feel quite at home, and as if I had known her all my life. And Uncle Jack has been so good, and so generous! He gave me this lovely fan, my gloves, my bouquet, and oh! such a lovely necklet!"

Captain Carr smiled rather grimly. He could not but feel that these presents of Jack's would by and by add terribly to poor Daisy's discomfort. From what she had told him he could not retain the vestige of a doubt that she was his niece instead of Jack's, and the question arose what was *he* to do with her on the morrow when all was disclosed.

"There's nothing for it but Aunt Adelaide," he thought—this venerable lady being the only available female relation

to whom he could take Daisy till her friends at Feltham were ready to receive her. "I fear the poor little girl won't have a very merry time with her, but it would be very embarrassing for her here when she learns her mistake," he reflected.

Meanwhile Daisy, quite unconscious of the bomb-shell that was to explode upon her small head on the morrow, danced gayly, thoroughly enjoying what was really a very good ball. "Jack's niece" was very much admired, and he felt more and more uncomfortable as several of his brother-officers congratulated him on his relationship to so charming a young lady. At the beginning of the evening they had danced together once or twice, but after his talk with Captain Carr, poor Jack had not ventured near Daisy. "I suppose I must call her Miss Douglas now," he thought. "Well, she's a dear little soul, and Carr is to be envied." Each time Daisy passed him she had a bright little nod and word for "Uncle Jack," till at last poor Jack, feeling sadly as if he were an impostor, could stand it no longer, but, after a few words to Mrs. Allarton, saying he would like to see her alone in the morning, he slipped away to his own rooms.

"What can Captain Kerr have to say to me? I hope he does not really want to take Daisy off to Feltham," said Mrs. Allarton to her husband.

"I don't suppose it's anything very dreadful," he answered. "What a pretty girl she is, and dances like a fairy."

When, at a very early morning hour, Daisy bade "Good-night," or rather "Good-morning," to Mrs. Allarton, she added: "I never, never enjoyed myself so much; but what became of Uncle Jack? I could not find him latterly, and did not see him dancing, and I wanted so much to say good-night, and to thank him for such a lovely day. And, oh! he does dance well—I would rather dance with him than with any one."

Next morning Mrs. Allarton was surprised to see Jack and Captain Carr appearing together; the more so as the former had asked to see her alone, and the latter she only knew slightly, as he had been a good deal away from his regiment, on staff employment. But she liked what she did know of him, and greeted them both kindly, waiting to hear what they had to say.

"Mrs. Allarton," began Jack, "I asked to see you this morning, as something rather awkward has transpired. I had better tell you the story from the beginning. You know I have one sister, Mary—"

"Daisy's mother—yes—I know," murmured Mrs. Allarton.

Jack colored and continued: "My sister is much older than I am, and married, when I was quite a boy, Archie Gaskell. They went to Australia, and for some time I heard occasionally from Mary, but gradually our correspondence ceased, and, having no other near relations, I have quite lost sight of her for years. I knew Mary had children, but was immensely surprised, as you know, when my—Daisy—appeared the other night and told me she was my niece, the daughter of my sister Mary. It never occurred to me it could be a mistake—"

"Now it is my turn to speak," said Captain Carr. "I, too, have a sister Mary, and she married a mining engineer, Charles Douglas, and went first to Australia, then to America. I hear from her now and then, and in one of her last letters she said something about the possibility of her little girl coming to England to visit friends. When I saw your young guest at the ball last night, her likeness to some one I knew struck me at once. I asked Kerr who she was, and he told me his niece, Miss Gaskell. Afterward, when introduced to her, I addressed her by that name. She looked surprised, said there was some mistake, for her name was 'Douglas.' And the long and short of it is, we find she is my niece, not Jack's, and

the similarity of names has led to the mistake."

"Well, this is too amusing!" exclaimed Mrs. Allarton, when she had heard all they both had to say. "But, after all, there is nothing very terrible in the mistake, only I fear it may make Daisy feel rather awkward at first. You had both better stay away till I tell her about it. Your niece is quite safe with me, Captain Carr, and I like her so much for her own sake that this makes no difference about her visit here. I shall be glad to have her as long as she can stay."

Some time^{ago} later, Daisy, having breakfasted and talked the ball over well with her hostess, the latter said :

"Now, my dear, prepare for a great surprise," and then proceeded to inform her of the mistake she had made.

Poor Daisy! As the truth dawned upon her the color first rushed in a perfect flood to her cheeks and then faded away as suddenly, and she exclaimed, in a voice of misery :

"O dear Mrs. Allarton! what *have* I done? How could I make such a dreadful mistake? *Not* my Uncle Jack—and—I've—I've—and taken his presents—and—oh! dear, I shall die of shame. What must he think of me?" And, bursting into a flood of tears, she buried her burning cheeks in the sofa cushions, while a perfect storm of sobs shook her slight frame.

Mrs. Allarton tried in vain to soothe the poor girl.

"I can never, never see him again," she sobbed. "Oh! let me go away at once, please, dear Mrs. Allarton. I don't want to see either of them again. Oh! what would mamma say?"

Finally, Mrs. Allarton sent a note to Captain Carr, asking him to call. When he came, she told him how terribly upset Daisy was.

"I have written to my aunt, Mrs. Barton," he said, "asking her to receive Daisy, her great-niece, for a few days, and

begged her to telegraph a reply. As soon as I hear from her, if her answer is in the affirmative, which I have no doubt it will be, I will take Daisy to her at Chester till she can go to her friends, the Denes. Will you please tell her this, and I will let you know as soon as my aunt's answer comes?"

Thus it was settled. Mrs. Allarton felt there was no use pressing Daisy to prolong her visit under the circumstances; and next morning, a favorable answer to Captain Carr's letter to Mrs. Barton having been received, she left Overbridge with her real uncle.

"Good-bye, my dear, and I hope by and by we shall see you again. Don't be too unhappy about a very natural and innocent mistake. You will laugh about it some day, I've no doubt," and Mrs. Allarton smiled as she kissed her departing guest.

"O Mrs. Allarton! I can never see *him* again. He must think me such a terribly bold, forward girl. Good-bye; good-bye, and thank you a thousand times." And Daisy gave a very watery smile of farewell to her kind and hospitable friend.

She felt shy and uncomfortable with the real uncle. Somehow he was much more formidable than Captain Kerr. He was older and graver, and the thought of her awkward mistake had quite subdued poor Daisy; but her uncle was very kind, and made her as comfortable as he could on the journey, though he talked little. As they neared Chester, he said :

"Daisy, I have told Aunt Adelaide nothing except that you have come over from America to visit some friends, that owing to illness in the family they are unable to receive you for a few days, and that you've stayed with friends of mine till I knew she could have you. So you need say nothing about this misunderstanding."

"Thank you, uncle." And then, with a half sob, she added: "May I call you Uncle Adolphus, please?"

"I thought you objected to the name," he said, laughing. "But you can call me what you like. I suppose you've heard of your great-aunt Adelaide?"

"Yes; mamma has talked of her, and said she was very old and rather cross, but that she supposed I should have to go and see her before I left England."

In due time Captain Carr and Daisy arrived at Mrs. Barton's abode—and received a rather frosty welcome. The old lady did not like girls, she said, but her nephew was a favorite, and as Daisy came with him, Aunt Adelaide was less chilling than she might otherwise have been.

"Fancy Mary letting you come all the way from America by yourself," she said. "There's no knowing what mischief you might have got into on the way."

Daisy blushed crimson, and could barely falter that Mr. and Mrs. Carter, American friends, had brought her over.

Having seen his niece settled at Mrs. Barton's, Captain Carr returned to Overbridge, feeling it first incumbent on him to say "a word in season." "Let this be a lesson to you, Daisy, not to act on impulse. It *might* have been no end awkward, but Jack Kerr is a thorough good sort, and will never say a word about your mistake to any one. Good-bye; write and tell me when you hear from the Denes."

Certainly life at Aunt Adelaide's was not exciting. Daisy spent a dreary fortnight with her, and then came a letter from her friend Alice, saying that Mr. Dene's father had, after all, recovered from his dangerous illness, and was well enough for them to leave him, and that she anxiously expected Daisy at Feltham Park. So, bidding Mrs. Barton farewell, Daisy left Chester without any great regret. She had written to her mother a full account of her unhappy mistake, but felt it was unnecessary to tell any one else.

Several weeks passed very pleasantly at Feltham. Alice Dene and Daisy had many things to talk of, old jokes to laugh over, old friends to discuss. Once or twice Daisy felt half tempted to tell her friend of her dreadful mistake at Overbridge, but her courage always failed. The memory of it still made her feel miserable, and even in the privacy of her own room brought hot blushes to her cheeks. Mrs. Dene was delighted to have an opportunity of showing her new home to an old friend, and they rode and drove about together, and, as the neighborhood was a sociable one, there were luncheon and dinner parties to vary the monotony. There was also the County Ball to look forward to, when all the houses round would be filled for the occasion. Mrs. Dene had collected a large and merry party of "young men and maidens," and felt that her pretty friend would certainly be one of the belles of the ball.

When the night of the ball arrived, Daisy could not bring herself to wear again the white dress she had worn at Overbridge—it would be too painful, she felt; so she chose a very pale pink, which was almost equally becoming. In a very short time after entering the ball-room her card was nearly filled; the men of the house party all begged for dances, and Daisy was feeling most bright and happy, when suddenly she saw a sight that covered her face with blushes, and almost brought tears to her eyes.

It was only a tall, good-looking, soldierly young man, but her confusion was great as she recognized "Uncle Jack"—no—"Captain Kerr." She hurriedly looked for Mrs. Dene, to beg to be allowed to go home—a sudden "headache," any plea would do, by which she might effect her escape—but nowhere could she see Alice. She felt miserable, wretched, wished the floor would open and swallow her. "I hope he won't see me," she thought, but at that moment Jack Kerr turned and saw her. A bright smile of

recognition lighted up his pleasant face, and, before she could escape, Captain Kerr stood in front of her.

"May I have a dance?" he asked, and without waiting for an answer, took her card and wrote in the first vacant space one word—"Jack"—then bowed and moved on.

Daisy felt that now escape was impossible. She danced each dance, but as the one for which "Jack" had written his name approached, she became more and more silent and nervous, till her partners wondered why Miss Douglas was so absent and pre-occupied.

When Captain Kerr's dance began, he silently offered her his arm. They joined at once the throng of valsers, and Daisy could not help enjoying the real pleasure of a good valse to charming music with a partner whose step suited hers perfectly. At the close of the dance Jack led her into a conservatory.

"Now let us have a talk," he said. First he asked her to tell him all she had been doing since they met, then gave her news of the Allartons, etc. Jack talked so naturally and calmly, that Daisy's shyness soon melted, and she found herself chattering away to him as happily as if the miserable mistake which had caused her such unhappiness had never occurred. As he bade her good-night, later on, he said :

"I am going to stay for some time in this neighborhood. Will you introduce me to Mrs. Dene; I want to ask her permission to call?"

"Pray do come," Mrs. Dene answered to his request. The handsome, pleasant-mannered young man impressed her favorably at once.

Jack Kerr spent a fortnight in the neighborhood of Feltham, and scarcely a day passed that he did not appear there on some excuse or other. Frank Dene and he found many tastes in common, and several mutual acquaintances, and he was always welcome. Daisy grew, uncon-

sciously, to look eagerly for his coming, and to feel the day dull indeed when he did not appear.

"This is my last day," he said, as they walked together in the garden. Daisy was out gathering snowdrops when he arrived, and he had asked Mrs. Dene if he might go and find her. "Do you know why I came, Daisy?" Then seeing her downcast, blushing face he continued: "At first I felt very sorry to find out our mistake, but I soon became glad to think you were really not my niece. Do you know why, Daisy?"

She shook her head. "Please don't talk of that dreadful mistake—"

"I was glad, dear, because I felt I wanted you to be something nearer and dearer than a niece. Do you think, Daisy, you can care for me enough to be my wife?"

Another half-hour in the garden; then Jack said :

"Good-bye, Daisy, I must go back to Overbridge. Shall I give your love to Mrs. Allarton?"

"Yes, please."

"And I can tell her I'm going to marry Jack's niece!"

SOCIAL LIFE.—The opinion men hold of society is largely reflective of their own characters, and their influence goes far toward making society actually conform to those opinions. The selfish and grasping man is always imagining those with whom he deals to be selfish. He excuses his own meanness on the ground that he must guard against the meanness of others; and his excuse has just this foundation—that his own character naturally diffuses itself among those with whom he deals. Every disposition exerts a magnetic attraction for its like, and the unjust man will meet with injustice, the rude with rudeness, the cold with coldness, and the proud and jealous with pride and jealousy. On the other hand, the just and true, the generous and kind, the gentle and loving, draw to themselves the same quality in others; and thus to them also is social life what they make it.

EASTER.

"Love must be
The seed within yourselves of every virtue,
And every act that merits punishment."
(Dante's *Purgatorio*, Canto XVII, Longfellow's tr.)

PURE winter's snow has melted fast away;
The innocence of childhood now is gone;
The keen and sparkling joys of youth are o'er;
The Christ child to maturity is grown,
And scoffs and doubts of God's own people met.
The earth is bare and swept by chilling winds,
The gaunt old houses reft of foliage screens
Are sentined by silent, brown-limbed trees,
And scavenger crows swing by with croakings hoarse.

The world is taunting, doubting, hard to us;
Our home's ideal, deeds sublime, are ashes—dust;
The earth beneath our weary feet doth shake;
The veil before our worshiped gods is rent;
And we are in the tomb of our despair.

Three days of deathlike sleep and Christ has risen;
God's love flows o'er the world in voiceless streams;
Each bush and tree is thrilled by wakening life,
And longs to burst in leaves of thankfulness;
The seeds are stirred within the warming ground,

And close within them fold the coming flowers;
The birds come twittering back, and peep and spy
To find a corner for their warm new nests.
Three days, three months, three years—
what matters it?
Three spaces of eternity we grope
To find the truth, the way, and light and life.
We were not wholly dead, we only slept.
We left our gross ambitions, selfish
greeds,
That they might fall away as earth to earth,
As dust to dust, and leave us pure and strong.

Then in upon us flowed a tender love;
A love compassionate, forgiving, true;
A love unselfish as maternity,
And strong as a martyr's zeal to suffer wrong.
Love, a never-ending stream from God,
Through Christ, the Risen, flows down
and bears us up.
Henceforth for aye, our lives shall bathe in this.

Time, place, and death are passing dreams;
But we shall live and love forever more.
About us shines the glory of our joy,
Our friends more dear, our enemies our friends.
We wake to find a spirit like ourselves;
Together float two souls in love's pure stream,
And for one span of time this earth is Heaven.



BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE MISSION OF AN EASTER CARD.

"I DON'T call this luck, anyhow, not a bit of it, and what I'm going to do I'm sure I don't know. Here I've been these—let me see," and a pair of discouraged brown eyes were raised to a clock in the tower of a church near by, "yes, these three hours, and haven't sold hardly a penny-worth yet. I believe I won't try no more, I'll just give up; the boys all plague me so, too, they say I hadn't ought to take up their trade and sell papers and things, 'cause I come across the water, and don't b'long here, but then I can't seem to do nothing else, and I've got to care for little Fan."

The lad talking thus with himself as he moved slowly along the street, looked not more than twelve or fourteen years of age; he was tall, slight, and well-formed, his features were regular, lit up by large, pleasant brown eyes, and though he had caught the grammar and some of the ways of the vagrant urchins, yet there was a quietness, and, at times, a sort of refinement about him, which showed, even to a careless observer, that he had had other bringing up than that of a "street boy." Now he sat down upon some stone steps and idly watched the pigeons fluttering and circling around the church tower near.

Then his eyes were lifted still higher toward the blue heavens above, and his hands folded themselves almost involuntarily, while a pleading for something brighter and better, a longing, earnest wish for help, rose up from the young heart and instinctively became a prayer. Presently the boy went on soliloquizing in a very low tone: "No, I won't give up; mamma said, that dreadful night when she grew so white and cold, 'Don't get discouraged when you are alone, Bert, but be brave and do your best, and care for little Fan, and you will be sure to succeed.' And so I won't give up. I'll—

hullo! what's that?" he stood a moment gazing down the street, where lay something looking small and white in the distance, and then walked swiftly on till he reached the object which had attracted his attention; picking it up, he drew a card from its large white envelope, looked at it a moment in silence, and then said, half under his breath: "Oh! aint it just sweet and handsome!"

Then he read: "May a joyous and peaceful Easter be yours."

"Next Sunday's Easter, isn't it? I'd most forgot. Mamma used to tell us about Easter. I'll take this home to Fan. Poor little Fan!" he went on musingly, for the boy often held conversations with himself, having no one else to talk to; "poor little Fan, that old, one-windowed garret, with them rough beams and boards isn't much like what it was to Oak Farm, with the big airy rooms, and the sunshine and fresh roses."

Then he studied the card more closely. "Oh! them flowers are just real, now! May flowers too!" he exclaimed, "just like what used to grow in pasture, down back of the barn, I can smell 'em now." He looked dreamily up the street, suddenly his face clouded, he was closely watching some one, and in a moment he said hurriedly, "I can't take this home to little Fan. No, I can't, for I'll bet there's the feller that's lost it, and he's hunting for it now."

He started off on a run, and soon came up with a handsome young fellow looking over the papers and parcels he held, and now and then casting quick glances up and down the sidewalk.

Bert Howell went up to him, and touching his hat (his half-forgotten politeness showing itself), said:

"Were you looking for this, sir? I picked it up back there."

"Ah, yes, my boy, that's just the article, thought I had it till a moment or two ago," and he took the card, but

something in the wistful, earnest face arrested his attention, he paused, saying: "Did you care for it, little chap?"

The boy turned away, his face growing red as he answered:

"I hadn't ought to care, I know, 'cause it was yours. I was only thinking of my little sister."

"Here, take it," said the young man, quickly. "I haven't any little sister to give it to, and I can get another card for my mother; you're very welcome," and thrusting it into the boy's hand he hurried on.

"Now it's little Fan's sure and fair," thought the lad, his pleasure shining in his eyes. But, swiftly another thought chased the happy look away. It was this: "Poor Fan hasn't had a mouthful to eat since yesterday, and I haven't made enough this morning to buy a breakfast, to say nothing of a dinner."

He stood anxiously regarding the card a moment, and then a bright idea flashed into his mind. He would sell it. Fan hadn't seen it, and so would like a poorer one just as well, and there'd be something left for bread and cold meat. He looked hastily up and down the street, along which so many were now hastening, intent on business or pleasure. "Oh!" thought he, "there goes a man now might buy it; guess he's able, he's dressed first rate, and looks kind, too."

Running up to the gentleman he said, as he held out the card, "Wouldn't you like to buy this for your little girl, sir?"

The man stopped, and a very sad look was in his eyes, as, taking the envelope, he drew out the card.

"May flowers!" he exclaimed, with a start, catching his breath quickly. Then he looked at them intently for a short time, but in those few moments his thoughts had crossed the waters, and he stood again in a neat, pretty cottage, fresh and fair, with flowers and climbing vines.

The face of his wife was before him, a young, true, loving face, but tearful and sorrowing, and soft clinging arms were about his neck, and sweet baby cheeks nestled close to his own, while at his side stood a noble, manly little fellow, bravely stifling his sobs, and winking back the tears as he earnestly promised to "take good care of mamma and the baby," and then he thought how, at the very last,

when he turned to go, the fond mother had smiled through her tears, as the dimpled baby hand held out to him a bunch of the sweet arbutus blossoms. How he had treasured those withered May flowers none knew but himself.

Then he had left them and had come across the waters to take the fine business chance that was offered him. But scarce ten months had passed ere the baby was resting in a little grave on the hillside, and the heart-broken mother only prayed for his return.

Business matters had not prospered, and he could not go to her, so she must come to him. They had sailed—she and the boy—but, alas! how many fond hearts and precious hopes lie buried beneath the treacherous waves! People were hurrying past them as they stood quietly side by side, and at last Bert touched the man's arm and broke his reverie, saying, "Will you take it, sir?"

"Yes—oh! yes," he said, absently, then looking up hastily, "yes, I will take it, here are four shillings boy," and handing the lad some change he walked away.

The little fellow watched him a moment, and then looked at his money. "Why here's a yeller piece!" he exclaimed, "that aint no shillin', it's a mistake, I must stop that man—seem's if I hadn't done a thing but run after folks and things all the mornin'."

This time he had to work hard, for the people hurrying to and fro hindered him, but he caught sight of the man occasionally, and finally came up with him.

"You've made a mistake, sir," he said, breathlessly, as he handed out the gold piece.

The gentleman eyed him sharply a moment, and then asked, "How do you know but I meant to give it to you?"

"'Cause you said 'here are four shillin's, boy,'" returned Bert, promptly.

"Just so," said the man. "Well, keep it and make a good use of it, and take this card (drawing one from his pocket-book), and come to the street and number you will find on it, to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

"Yes, sir; I'm there," was the response.

The little newsboy took the papers from under his arm. "Them mornin' papers is a dead loss," he said, a little regretfully, but he was a very happy boy

nevertheless, as he proceeded to buy little Fan a bright Easter card, and then (with food for that day and the next, and his gold piece untouched in his pocket) hastened home with a light heart and a tender memory of the dear voice that had said, "be brave and do the best you can, and you will be sure to succeed."

The next day, prompt and neat as his limited resources would allow, he made his way through the busy London streets, now and then consulting the card which he held in his hand; at length he ran up the steps of a big brown building in the business portion of the city, and going in, he met a man with an immense book under his arm, and a pen behind his ear.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Denning is, sir?" he said, lifting his hat. (He was trying to follow little Fan's last injunction, "Now do talk proper, Bert, and act as mamma tried to make you.")

The man looked him over, and glancing at the card he held up, said briefly: "Upstairs, first door to the right."

He found the place without any difficulty, read over the door in gilt letters: "Office, L. T. Denning & Co.," and went timidly in.

He saw several men deeply engrossed in various business occupations, and finally recognized his acquaintance of the day before, busily writing at a desk; drawing near he respectfully waited until the gentleman laid down his pen.

"I am glad to see you are prompt, my boy," he said, kindly; "now for business; I want a lad about your size to wait upon me, do errands and so on. Do you know of any one hereabout that you could refer me to, so that I could learn a little something about you? I must have some one honest and reliable. I think you are this from what I saw yesterday, but still it might be better for me to make some inquiries."

"I see, sir," said the boy, slowly, "you want what folks call a 'recommend,' but I don't know hardly anybody about here, only just some of the boys, and they aint the best kind, neither."

Mr. Denning looked thoughtful, something about the lad pleased him much, yet he had learned that appearances are often deceitful.

"Perhaps you can tell me something

about yourself," said he, at length. "Where do your father and mother live? and how many brothers and sisters have you?"

"I haven't any father nor mother, sir, and no brothers nor sisters, but just little Fan. Taint quite two years yet, since we come over from America. Papa, he didn't live more'n six months, was took down with the fever, and mamma didn't stay very long after. We used to live to Oak Farm, down to Brownmore, but I don't like to talk of them times, I don't want to remember nothing about 'em."

The gentleman drew Bert toward him. "I think I will try you," he said with sympathy in his voice, for there were times that he did not like to remember about. "I used to live in America myself," he went on, "but it was a number of years ago."

Just then the boy's eyes rested upon the Easter card, standing upon an easel on the desk. The light fell on it with a rich glow, and he said enthusiastically: "I think that's a beautiful picture, those May flowers look just as if I could pick 'em as I used to the ones to Oak Farm."

The man's eyes grew moist as they lingered on the card; he quickly turned away, however, and taking up his pen, said, a little hastily, "I think you will serve me faithfully, my boy, you may come to-morrow at eight, and I will pay you fifteen shillings a week."

The sum seemed fabulous to Bert.

"You are no end kind, sir," he said in subdued tones as he turned away and went out, almost wondering if he was the same boy who had come in.

A few days after Bert had entered on his new duties, he came into the office a little earlier than usual one morning and finding his employer alone, and at leisure, for it lacked a few moments to business hours, he went eagerly up to him and said earnestly:

"There's a real good Providence over everything, now haint there, sir?"

Mr. Denning looked pleasantly into the lad's animated face, but the old sadness rested in his eyes, as he said slowly: "Maybe so, my boy, maybe, but it's very hard to believe in a 'real good Providence' sometimes."

"Oh! sir, there is just a first-rate Providence takin' care of folks all the time,

p'raps they can't see it sometimes, but if we'll only be 'brave and do the best we can' (as mamma told me to), we'll find the Providence bime by. I've found it—you have been no end of good to me, sir, but I felt awful bad about leavin' little Fan all day in that old garret alone, when I come here to work; and don't you think, night before last, as I and little Fan was walkin' out way up in a nice, clean street we saw a woman going along, with so many bundles, she kept a dropping of 'em.' So I went up to her and, says I, 'Let me help yer, ma'am,' and she said, 'Thank yer,' and I took some of 'em. She was real pretty and nice talking, and looked neater'n a pink, though she wasn't dressed so gay and fine as some, and we got to talking kind of sociable, as we went along, and I told her about little Fan's staying alone and where we lived, and she said she had a room we might have, twa'n't very big, but 'twas better'n a garret, and we could have it for five shillin's a week. And so we went home with her, and I tell you, sir, the room was just tip top—two winders and a cupboard! and I moved little Fan and the things in last night, and now lemme ask yer, haint there a Providence, sir?"

"Seems like it, surely," said Mr. Denning, smiling, as he asked:

"What is the good lady's name?"

"She said we might call her 'Aunt Jennie,' and Fan is *so* fond of her," the boy said, as he hurried off to post a letter.

The relations between Albert Howell and his employer grew to be the pleasantest kind.

The boy was ambitious and faithful, and, following the advice of his friend and patron, he spent his leisure moments in study, and soon and easily grew into his position, filled it well and became in some degree a companion for his master.

When he had been in service nearly a year he came to Mr. Denning one afternoon, and asked (with not a little perturbation of manner) if he could speak with him after office hours.

A kind "certainly" was the reply. So Bert, performing his various duties, waited with what patience he could, and the moment his employer was at liberty he was at his side. Eager and excited, he began at once:

"I heard yesterday your secretary was

going to leave you, sir. Have you any one to fill his place?"

"My secretary is going, and I've no one, as yet, to take his place, though several have applied," was the answer.

"Well, sir, I want to bring you a fellow that would like such a situation, and I'm sure he'll suit you, and you will want him."

"You will give him a recommendation then? Well, that goes quite a way," said Mr. Denning, pleasantly. "What is his name?"

"The same as yours, sir," replied the boy, "and"—scanning the grave face before him—"he looks like you, sir—he does, sure."

"These are recommendations, certainly," said the gentleman, with an amused look. "Where did you come across him?"

"Why, he's Aunt Jennie's boy—all the one she's got. He gave me that Easter card I sold you, sir—that brought me all my good luck—and he's just splendid."

"Then 'Aunt Jennie's' name is Denning, too. Tell me some more about them," said the man, with some interest.

"I don't know so very much of them, sir, I am at home so little, and Harry has worked away in another part of the city till lately, but I think they are about the best folks that ever lived. I did not even know the lady's whole name till awhile ago—she asked me to fetch the letters from the office, and she had one directed to Mrs. Jane E. Denning. It was from America, too, sir."

The gentleman had grown strangely pale as he said, in an agitated voice:

"Bring the young man here at once, my boy."

Bert hurried away, his brown eyes filled with wonder at the excitement of his usually quiet, grave master.

Shortly he returned, accompanied by 'Aunt Jennie's boy,' a fine young fellow, full six feet tall, and quite deserving of Bert's emphatic assertion that he was "just splendid."

A few hurried words passed between Mr. Denning and his visitor, and then the wonder in the brown eyes increased ten-fold, as they witnessed the fond, joyful meeting of the two men; but when Bert learned that the secretary whom he had recommended, was his employer's own

son, his delight more than equaled his surprise.

Quickly they all hastened to make glad the heart of gentle, sweet-faced Mrs. Denning, and, when the misfortunes and disappointments of past years, the wreck of the steamer bearing them to England, and consequent loss of nearly everything they had, and, worse than all, the loss of the directions and instructions how to find him whom they had come to join—their ignorance of everything in the great city—their poverty and discouragement at the first, had all been talked over, regretted, and finally lost sight of in their present happiness, Bert broke forth exultingly :

"Oh! sir! the sun is always shining up there, if it does nothing but rain for days and days, and it *must* be bright again because it's *there*, you know. I guess you believe in a real good Providence, just a first-rate Providence, taking care of folks all the time, *now*, sir."

"I ought to, my boy, and I do; I never will doubt it more," was the earnest answer. "But these dear ones must come home with me. I cannot lose sight of them again, and as the owner of this place will not rent rooms separately, your home will be gone—and," he went on, hesitatingly, "I am sorry, my lad, but this morning I had a letter from the wife of a man, who helped and befriended me when I needed help and friends the most; her husband is dead, and she is left very poor. She begs me to give her boy some situation; he is about your age, and duty and gratitude to my lost friend urge me to give the boy the only place that he can fill, which is yours. I regret that I can propose no change for you elsewhere at present; what can you do?"

A look of keenest disappointment, a look pitiful in its sudden sorrow, swept over the boy's face, but directly it passed away, and he answered firmly :

"Be brave and do the best I can, sir. Fan and I will have to take the rain again for awhile, I suppose, but the sun is up there still, and it will be brighter sometime."

"Ah! that's the ring of true metal, my boy; but the shower has passed over this time," said Mr. Denning, placing his hand upon Bert's shoulder. "The son of my friend shall have your place;

but you shall have a better and more remunerative one. You brought me my sunshine—I should be heartless and ungrateful, indeed, to leave you in the rain—and while I have a home, you and the little sister shall not want for one. And, my boy, always remember that every noble, honest, true step we take in life, brings us nearer to that kind Providence, which, as you say, is continually caring for us—nearer to that blessed sunlight, our Father's love, which is always shining—though many times obscured by clouds of care and trouble."

MINNIE TAYLOR.

MAN is not man till he is free, but the nobility of the man who is free is tested by the way in which he uses his freedom. He shows himself worthy of his freedom when he resolves by love to serve others, and to consecrate his liberty to the good of the community.

IT IS IN YOUTH that the spirit of truthfulness may best be cultivated. Few realize how strong are the impressions made upon the heart of childhood by the examples which are given to it. Let no one imagine that to teach a child not to tell a lie is sufficient to make him really truthful. He must be imbued with the love of positive truth; and that can be infused only by those who are themselves inspired by it.

PRESENT HAPPINESS.—If any one, instead of wasting his time in repining at unfulfilled desires, will think frequently on the materials he possesses for present happiness, he will be astonished at their richness and number. Life itself, health, friends, family, the ability to labor, the capacity to enjoy, the power to command certain forms of enjoyment, the beauties of nature and of art, the delights of affection, the opportunities for improvement, the power of sympathy and of help—these and many other blessings will occur to him who is in search of them. Let him dwell lovingly and gratefully upon these; let him weigh and consider how to make the most of them, by neglecting no opportunity and shutting out nothing from his life that can brighten and invigorate it.

HOME CIRCLE.

LITTLE VOICES AT THE DOOR.

LITTLE voices, how we love them,
How their mirth the heart beguiles,
Turning sadness into sunshine,
Wreathing clouds in happy smiles ;
In the soft and dewy twilight,
When the beams of day are gone,
Sweetly falls their gushing music,
Little voices on the lawn.

Little voices how we prize them,
How each well remembered tone,
Like the song-bird's tender carol,
Lingers still when youth has flown ;
While we sit in pensive dreaming
When the cares of day are o'er,
How we start to catch their music,
Little voices at the door.

Little voices how we miss them,
From the home they made so bright,
When the tiny feet are silent,
And the eyes are veiled from sight ;
How the soul, with deep emotion
Ponders still their memory o'er,
While in vain we wait their coming,
Little voices at the door.

C. L.

PLEASANT PEOPLE.

WHAT a boon to all his friends and acquaintances a pleasant person is ! It may be hard to define pleasantness, but we find no difficulty in recognizing it when we meet with it. Pleasant people are not always the most admirable of mankind, nor the most interesting ; for it often happens that the qualities in a man which are worthiest of esteem are, for lack of other modifying elements, the very ones which are against his agreeableness as a companion ; and a person who does not impress us as particularly pleasant may nevertheless interest us very much by the display of unusual mental or moral characteristics, or from a complexity of nature

which seems to offer itself as an enigma we are curious to solve. Pleasant people may not even be the most truly lovable, but they are likable. We perhaps have no desire to make friends of them, in the deeper sense of friendship, but we are glad when we meet them, and enjoy ourselves while in their society. The tie thus formed, though slight, is a real one, and I believe that we should all do well to remember, in the interests of our closer friendships, the attractive and cohesive force of mere pleasantness. The highest virtues and offices of friendship we are not called on to exercise every day, and in familiar intercourse we have not less, but rather the more, need of making ourselves pleasant, because of the times when our friends will have to answer our drafts on their patience and sympathy.

If we question what it is that goes to constitute a man or woman pleasant, it appears to be a result of both temperament and character. It is hardly necessary to say that these are not the same thing, and yet they are not distinguished in common thought and speech as clearly as they might be. Without attempting any close analysis, we may perhaps say that temperament is a certain combination of elements given us at birth, while character is another set of powers and dispositions, slowly acquired and grown in us. For the first, nature is responsible, our parents and ourselves for the second.

It seems easiest to describe a pleasant person by negatives, although assuredly his pleasantness affects us as a most positive quality. To begin with, such a person must not be too much "shut up in his own individuality," to use the phrase of a well-known writer—that is, he must not be very reserved and concentrated in his emotions and affections, but have a certain expansiveness of nature and openness of manner. He must not be too fastidious, but able to take people for what they are, and what they are worth to him for

the passing moment and the needs of the social hour. He must not be of too intense a nature, nor so preoccupied with the serious aspects and duties of life that he is unable to put them aside temporarily, and lend himself to lighter thoughts and lighter people. One of the pleasantest men I ever met was one of the most hard-working, devoted to a dozen good causes and public interests, besides his personal and professional ones. None of these were made a bore to others, and his equable and kindly disposition, his readiness to enter into other people's ideas, his interest in literature and art, as well as weightier matters of politics and science, made him able to please and be pleased by men and women of the most diversive sorts. It has sometimes struck me forcibly with respect to such a man, how pleasant he must be to himself—how comfortable to live with every day!

A RAIN DRESS.

A GREAT many of the ailments which infest the lives of women have their origin in house-bound air; and it is very certain that women would be much more in the open air if their dress were such as to defy the rain and permit them to go out in all weathers. The rain dress should be of woolen, thin for summer, thick for winter, and of a material not easily defaced by moisture; it should be short, walking length, faced with some waterproof material. The shoes must be of calf-skin preferably, and protected by rubbers or not, as may be desired. Calf-skin shoes, well oiled, will keep out wet. Over all wear a light waterproof and an umbrella. Gloves of silk, woolen, or cotton will not be spoiled by rain, and the hat, if trimmed plainly, without feathers, will not be hurt by dampness.

Shopping on a rainy day has its decided advantages. The shops and stores are not crowded, and one is sure of better attention than when multitudes throng the counters, though if everybody should disregard the rain this advantage would not be.

Years ago a lady of wealth and culture was three-quarters dead of consumption. She had at the time, according to the judgment of her physician, half a lung

left. That half lung had the aeration of her blood to accomplish, and it must have all the help possible. She had a suitable costume made, and every day, regardless of the weather, she spent several hours in the open air. For years she thus kept herself alive. She had a buggy and a gentle horse, and when the weather was such that she could not walk, she rode. Summer and winter, spring and fall, every day she took her outing. This was in a part of England where there are, in the course of the year, a great many days much pleasanter in-doors than out. This lady rarely, if ever, "took cold" by her exposure. She was accustomed to it.

CASTLE-BUILDING.

WHAT are you building, darling?"
I asked of my girlie fair,
As she quietly sat on the hearth-rug,
Piling her blocks with care,
While the ruddy glow of the firelight
Danced in her golden hair.

"I am building a castle, mother,"
My little maid replied,
"These are the walls around it,
And here is a gateway wide,
And this is the winding stair
To climb up by the side."

So the busy, flitting fingers
Went on with her pretty play,
And the castle walls were rising
In the fading winter day,
When—a sudden, luckless motion,
And all in ruins lay!

ONE SUNDAY IN A "NEW SETTLEMENT."

ONE Sunday that we spent in the Far West, in a new settlement, will long be remembered by us, as it brought to us a real realizing of the sweetness of human companionship, after a spell of "down-right lonesomeness."

We were forced to be up "airly," as our host and hostess, always "ett breakfast afore day-break."

The cloudless sunrise brought us a terrible feeling of homesickness, when we

sat in the doorway of the rude box-and-sod house, looking out upon the prairie, which had become an old story.

Our eyes ached to see the hills and trees, we had grown to almost detest the sound of the hot winds as they swished sh'd through the tall prairie grass.

Houses were so far apart few people came our way.

How did the owners of the claim stand this stagnant existence was my daily wonder, yet they seemed content, "because they were both makin' suthin' an' gittin' on in the world."

Nine o'clock came; not a sound save the lowing of the cattle near by broke the oppressive stillness, and then the thought came, "In the dear old home, the bells are calling to the churches dear old friends." Ah, how desolate it seemed in this out-of-the-way corner.

Crack! crack! Two horsemen red-shirted and sharp-spurred galloped by, shooting as they rode, "just for a little pistol practice."

Mine host was at work in his garden, no stopping, if it was the Sabbath day—work, work.

"It's the only way to prosper," said he, at the breakfast table.

Across the way there lived, in a real board house, a colored couple, who had ten years before left the South, taken up land, and now had the best cultivated farm in that new settlement, but Uncle Bige and Aunt Vi'let lived an isolated life, having few associates.

"I cannot bear this loneliness," said I, when Uncle Bige called to me:

"Want er go ter meetin' with Vi'let an' me? Wes'e gwine ter drike ter Mount Zion, an' ef yo'll 'cept, yo'e welcome ter a seat in de wagon."

I did want to go, and in a little time was seated in the wagon, a rickety affair, on my way to the "church-house," not more'n twelve miles away.

The horses didn't at all match, one being a large flea-bitten gray, the other a little bay, but, as Aunt Vi'let said: "dem hosses allers managed ter git dar."

Before I was thinking of such a thing, we were at the "meetin'-house" where a handful of men, women, and young people were seated listening to the preacher, a plain man, who knew little of grammar or eloquent delivery, but he could read

the blessed messages, and he believed in them with all his heart.

I felt my heart-hunger departing. Soon they began to sing grand old "Coronation."

Some of the women's voices were raspy, shrill. The men sailed in at first, sounding like a series of deep growls, but the spirit came into the music, it blended like Sullivan's "Lost Chord" into one great "Amen."

Then somebody started "Bearing Palms of Victory," and everybody sang, and somehow got hold of each other's hands, and I forgot that I had ever been lonesome.

Nobody noticed that the "church-house" was only an ex-corn shed and the loose boards rattled, and that somebody had started to whitewash the inside, and it had given out before the half was done.

Some of the women's sun-bonnets flapped over tanned, homely faces. There wasn't a fashionable basque or polonaise in that congregation, and the men's coats were—some of them—very much mended. Noon came, and everybody brought out a basket packed with the best of sweet light-bread, roast prairie chicken, wild grape and plum tart, saying: "When we drive so far to meetin' 'pears as if we must eat a bite afore goin' home."

We had never before heard men and women tell so freely their troubles and joys, and it was a surprise to see how they helped each other. Then plans were laid to go to the aid of some sick neighbor, a poor man, with a large family of little ones, who was sick, past work, and lying in an open house, where the roof leaked like a sieve when it rained.

The next week the men folks were to go and make that roof water-proof, while the women were to take along something to tempt the appetite of the poor fellow whose stay among them was destined to be so short.

Then somebody knew of a family of newcomers who had just come among them, footsore and penniless, after a long overland journey.

"They jist hev nothin', an' it's our bounden duty to help 'em," said Aunt Polly Davis, her broad brown face aglow with pity and sympathy.

How good it was to be among them.

The road home didn't seem the same one we had come. Such green grass,

fragrant flowers, and pure, clear water, and the birds sang so blithely.

"I reckoned, honey, it would hearten you up mortily ef we brung yo' long; Bige said, 'mayhap yo' wouldn't want ter go ter meetin' long o' collud people,' says I, 'ax her, ole man; dat lady am lonesome.' It does one heaps o' good ter hear de Bible read, an' hear de singin'. Me'n Bige hab seed some tryin' times, comin' ter dis place, when dar warn't a family nigh. Nuffin' but a wide prairie. We lef' ole frien's in de Souf, but we'se got a home o' our own, an' we has meetin' privileges. Aunt Vi'let knows what 'tis ter be lonesome. What's de matter, Bige?" and Aunt Vi'let looked anxiously at the horses, which were mired fast in the mud of Deep Creek.

"Matter enuf, ole ooman. Nebudnoser an' Bimleck have stuck en de middle o' disyar creek, an' yo', wif de lady'll have ter walk two miles ter git home. No tellin' when I'll git out'n dis muss. I'm sorry I axed yo' ter come, but wasn't spectin' ter git yo' in dis yer scrape," said Uncle Bige, ruefully.

I was able to answer truthfully: "I'm sorry for you, Uncle Bige, and the ponies, but Aunt Vi'let and I don't mind the walk. We are glad we went to meetin'."

"What a pity that you trusted yourself in that crazy old wagon, and such a time as you've had," said my hostess, condescendingly, on my return, and I mystified her by saying: "I've had a beautiful time, I'm going again while I'm here."

ELLA GUERNSEY.

THE OLD HOME.

IN the quiet shadows of twilight
I stand by the garden-door,
And gaze on the old, old homestead,
So cherished and loved of yore.
But the ivy now is twining
Untrained o'er window and wall;
And no more the voice of the children
Is echoing through the hall.

Through years of pain and sorrow,
Since first I had to part,
The thought of the dear old homestead
Has lingered around my heart:

The porch embowered with roses,
The gables' drooping eaves,
And the song of the birds at twilight
Amid the orchard leaves.

And the forms of those who loved me
In the happy childhood years
Appear at the dusky windows,
Through vision dimmed with tears.
I hear their voices calling
From the shadowy far-away,
And I stretch my arms toward them
In the gloom of the twilight gray.

But only the night-winds answer,
As I cry through the dismal air;
And only the bat comes swooping
From the darkness of its lair.
Yet still the voice of my childhood
Is calling from far-away,
And the faces of those who loved me
Smile through the shadows gray.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

PAPER HANGING BY AMATEURS.

NATURALLY, the first question, when it is proposed to paper a room, will be: how much paper will be required? To find the quantity proceed as follows: Measure round the room, omitting doors and windows, with a measure of twenty-one inches. Next take the height of the room in yards. Never mind having a little margin to spare, as you will need something extra to paper over the tops of doors, and perhaps over windows; and it is well to have something to spare with which to make allowance when cutting the slips, so that the pattern may match. Multiply the number of yards by the number of twenty-one-inch breadths, divide the sum by twelve, and you will find the number of "pieces," of twelve yards each, which you will require. If you are going to do your work in three portions, you must work separate sums for frieze, body, and dado, when you have determined the depth of each. As a rule, an ordinary room of three yards high should have a dado of about a yard above the skirting-board, and a frieze of about half the width of the dado.

Now we come to the actual work. There is nothing in this which is beyond the powers of any one who has patience, and

will make up his mind to work with deliberation, even if that means slow progress, and will not be tempted to go at the work slapdash. Everything which will be required is to be found in most houses, and there is therefore in amateur paper-hanging hardly any expense beyond the cost of the paper. There are only two stages of the work—the preparation of the wall, and the putting on the paper.

If there is only one paper on the walls, it is hardly necessary to remove this; but the joinings where the paper overlaps must be rubbed down smooth with sand-paper. Should there, however, be several papers, saturate them with water applied with a large brush, and when they are well moistened, tear them off. All picture-nails and hooks must be taken off. Bell-pulls and such things will be arranged for by cutting holes in the paper. The small holes left by nails will be sufficiently covered by the paper; but if there are any larger holes, they can be stopped with plaster-of-Paris, which only requires to be mixed with a little water to make it fit for use. Do not prepare more plaster than you require, as it cannot be mixed a second time.

We now come to the papering. It is supposed that you have already a pair of steps high enough to allow you to reach comfortably to the top of the room; you will only require in addition paste and a large brush, the largest pair of scissors you can get, a soft banister brush, and a large square kitchen-table. When you undo your rolls of paper, you will find that there is a blank margin on each side. One of these margins will have to be cut off, but which of the two is to be removed is a matter for consideration. When cutting off the margin, hold the scissors obliquely, so that the edge of the paper slopes to the under side. Lay the paper so that the margin which is left will be ready to receive the cut edge of the next strip laid over it. Begin the work at the corner of the room farthest away from the window, so that each strip as it is laid has its cut and over-lying edge away from the light. This matter is not always attended to, but its object is to remove all appearance of the joinings as far as possible, for if they are toward the light they are sure to show. When you come to a

corner, do not try to bend the paper round it, but cut it down as straight as you can to fit the wall, and lay the next piece on with the slightest possible overlap. A minute disturbance of the symmetry of the pattern will not be observed in the corner. It is far better in every case to make the pattern overlap a little, than to leave any portion of the wall or margin visible, the result of which would be entirely to destroy a neat appearance.

There are three processes in paper-hanging—measuring, pasting, and putting-up. It is a comparatively easy matter to measure the first slip, and we therefore begin with describing the proper way of pasting. The paste must have been thoroughly boiled and be free from lumps. It should be stiff, and should be laid on with a good-sized brush. Cut the slip to the required length, and lay it face downward on the kitchen-table. The strip will be probably too long to allow of its whole length being on the table at once. When you have pasted all that is on the table, do not draw that portion off, but turn it over pasted side to pasted side, and draw up the unpasted part on to the table. Turn over every part of the pasted paper, and gently pat it, so that the paste may be evenly distributed in any places which have not been completely covered by the brush. Take up the paper carefully, still turned over if it is a long strip; and if it is the first strip, fix it against the corner where you are going to begin. Bring the top edge under the ceiling or cornice or frieze-line, as the case may be; let the paper unroll itself, which it will do by its own weight; and gently pass the banister brush over it, so as to make it lie smooth to the wall. It will not lie perfectly flat while it is damp, but in a very short time you will find that it has contracted in drying, and is quite smooth and hard.

You will most likely be well pleased with the appearance of the first strip; but the difficulties have not yet begun. The second strip and succeeding ones have to be carefully measured and pasted on, so that there is an accurate joining of the pattern. To measure, proceed as follows: Go up the steps holding the end of the paper in the hands, and leaving the roll lying against the wall. Fit the pattern accurately at the top part; there will be a piece to cut off at the top, and then,

keeping the paper in its place, mark off where it is to be cut at the bottom. Paste as before; proceed to hang, getting the pattern quite accurate, and not allowing any line or joining to appear between the two pieces. If the pattern does not quite match, it is of no use trying to make it do by forming a plait or wrinkle. You must pull it off and try again. It is easy to pull the paper off without tearing it before the paste is set; but it must be handled gently. Take care that no paste gets on to the face-side of the paper, and never pass a duster across it, especially one damp with paste. There is no objection to patting down the edge, however, with a perfectly dry duster. Get the paper to lie against the wall by giving broad sweeps across it with the banister brush, and take care that no paste gets into the hairs of the brush. If the strip does not join up to the ceiling, it is easy to slip a little piece in underneath. Give your attention to getting a good upright joining and to keeping out wrinkles and creases, which, unlike the air-spots, which disappear as the paper dries and contracts, will remain on the wall, not a thing of beauty, but the opposite.

ECONOMICS.

MAY the spirit of just economy pervade our homes!

Not stern frugality leading to parsimony, but a careful handling of the remnants—a watchful care for the *little* things.

If not for our own sakes, for the good and comfort of others, poorer perhaps than ourselves in this world's goods.

Oftentimes, by a little forethought and kindly assistance, one saves for another many things, the value of which cannot be counted in dollars and cents.

Shall I tell you how my nursery was refurnished from remnants?

The carpet was worn and ragged, and to buy a new one was impracticable for many reasons.

The old carpet was taken up, and every breadth ripped and carefully washed, and rinsed and rinsed again in several fresh waters, like any other woolen material, then hung out on the line without wringing.

For several days it was allowed to hang on the line until it was thoroughly dried, and it looked quite fresh and bright.

Then the ragged places were cut away and the whole pieces were sewed together, making a carpet six feet square.

The edges were bound with a bright woolen fringe, which can be bought at any upholsterer's, and comes for such purposes, and I had a very pretty drugget, which could be aired and shaken weekly.

The bare floor which the carpet did not cover was painted a dark-brown, and kept free from dust by the daily use of a long-handled mop.

The chairs had been caned, but, alas! not a straw remained.

I bought heavy white canvas, such as is used to cover ledgers and other large business books.

From this canvas I cut pieces to fit each chair. These were tacked in place; over that a layer of wadding was placed, and lastly a square of cretonne was tacked on, using the brass-headed tacks, which made a pretty finish.

Two chairs and a rocker were thus upholstered; the rocker having a little cushion, made out of cretonne, tied to the back by pieces of braid.

The table was shabby and showed its age and its treatment.

For a trifle I obtained from a carpenter a board made like a bread-board, thirty-six inches long and twenty wide.

This was screwed to the top of the old table, and covered smoothly with cretonne, then a skirt of cretonne, reaching to the floor, was tacked on in small plaits, using the brass-headed tacks, and a prettier table of its kind one could seldom see.

Instead of a white spread for the bed, I made one of cretonne large enough to cover bed and pillows, too.

The curtains were of cheap, figured scrim, and when the children came bounding in, they shouted with one accord:

"It's just lovely! so much better than a new carpet and new furniture, for we can enjoy every bit of it."

I must add that a large dry-goods box also was covered with the cretonne, the top wadded, making a comfortable seat.

When the little ones had finished playing, the toys were gathered up and put in the box, thus saving them from being stepped on and broken.

And the children were taught to pick them up and declared, as they worked nimbly, "It's just like *real* house-keeping."

In innumerable ways we can use material at hand instead of buying new. True, it is *easier* to cast aside the old, but, economy is a *virtue*, and one to be cultivated—a gathering-up of the fragments that nothing be lost.

RUTH BEECHER.

MISS MASON'S BRIC-A-BRAC.

"GOOD morning, Helen," said a friend whom Helen Mason met at the door in response to her ring. "I came to ask—"

"Oh! come in, come in," said Helen, "I never can talk unless I'm sitting down to it."

"I'm in a hurry, though," said her visitor, Mrs. Wells, as the two seated themselves in the easy sitting-room. "I called to see if you couldn't take a class in our industrial school this winter."

Helen Mason's face grew sober.

"Indeed," she said, "you know I am always interested in such things, and how I do always admire you and the others who go out about such work, but really I find I have so many duties at home."

"I know that must be so," said Mrs. Wells, heartily. "I'm sure it's a heavy enough burden on a pair of young shoulders like yours, having the whole care of your father's house, and doing it so well, too." She glanced admiringly about the room. "I don't know of a house that looks so dainty and well kept as yours."

"You are very good to say so," said Helen, following her glance with one of gratified pride in the feeling that all she said was well deserved.

"Everybody says so, and your little sister looks as neat and sweet as a fairy all the time. No one can ever say you neglect your home duties. How much comfort your mother would have taken in you if she had lived."

"And," went on Mrs. Wells, after a moment's silence, "you musn't think, dear child, that I have the least desire to add to your burdens. It is only a couple of hours in a week, and I fancied it might perhaps be a little variety to you. It is not simply the sewing we are teaching,

you know, although that proves a wonderful help to those poor neglected little things. Girls, and even older ones, come there who cannot be got into a Sunday-school or a church, and it gives us a little opportunity of teaching them of the things which shall endure, of getting in by stealth, as you might almost say, something which may chance to do good to their poor souls. We read to them while they are working, or tell them a story, or when we can get some one to sing to them—they always like that, and it occurred to some of us that you could do it so well.

"But I see how it is," Mrs. Wells arose to hurry away. "Perhaps you will see a time when you can join us. Good-bye, my dear; don't work too hard."

Mrs. Wells went away, and Helen, after a few minutes' thought, brought a variety of dusters, scouring powders and bits of chamois leather.

"It is full time for me to be at my morning work," she said to herself, gazing in much pride at the open cabinet of bric-a-brac which formed one of the ornaments of the tasteful room. She had been for years collecting the articles which graced it. Some of her friends were great travelers and had contributed articles of real value in odd bits of pottery, antique brasses, and dainty conceits in delicate china from many parts of the world.

"Busy?" cried a cheery voice. "Yes, I knew you'd be fussing over your old-world pets, so I come right in. What beauties! That's a new vase, isn't it?"

"Yes, Uncle George sent it from Florence."

"You are a fortunate girl," said her friend, Harriet Clive. "I came to see if you wouldn't join our Chautauqua circle. Now, don't say you have no time; make time. Let something else go. You will enjoy it more than you imagine. You would be delighted with some of our studies in ancient history. Do turn that Chinese image with his face to the wall."

"Why?" asked Helen, laughing as she obeyed her lively friend.

"Oh! he always has a way of blinking and leering at me with his malicious little button-holes of eyes, and now he's looking at me, as if he wanted to say: 'What do you know about antiquities or anything of the sort, you little morsel of a maiden upstart?' Yes, turn him to the wall, and

let him stare at that for awhile. Aren't you well, Helen?"

"Quite well. If I look stupid, it is because I was beguiled into sitting up too late to finish a lambrequin I was embroidering."

"Well, now, tell me you'll join."

"I would like it," said Helen, slowly, as if considering the matter.

"Of course you'd like it," insisted Harriet. "Come now, do say you'll join."

"I might possibly, later," said Helen. "Just now I have more than usual to do getting ready for winter. Stella has to be fixed over from head to foot—she grows so fast."

"But if you don't go in at the beginning you lose so much," suggested her friend.

"I'll think about it," said Helen, and would commit herself no further.

"The morning half gone," she said to herself, when at length again alone. "But I do like to see my friends. How nice it would be to have nothing else to do. But, no, it wouldn't. I'm sure if anybody enjoys being busy, it is I. But—about that industrial school, I wonder if I could give up Saturday afternoon?"

Her mother had always been warmly interested in such enterprises, and it now came to Helen's mind to wonder if she, could she look down upon the daughter she had so loved, would think she was making the best use of her busy, always busy hours.

Her hands, as she mused, moved rapidly, taking down from the cabinet the treasured curios. It was a work of time and patience to put them in order, and Helen always did it thoroughly twice a week, sometimes finding the task a wearisome one, yet taking pride in her collection and in being told that in its care, as in other branches of her home duties, she excelled.

"No, I don't see how I could. I am always driven, as it is, with the house-keeping and with my own sewing and Stella's. If father could keep two girls, I shouldn't be so tied up. But as it is, outside work should not be expected of me."

She finished the polishing of a bit of Persian brass chasing and set it down to take up the Chinese image which had offended Harriet by its stare.

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"It looks like the image of a god. I wonder if it ever was one?" she said, as she sat down and carefully went over the fine carving to remove the least suspicion of dust.

"How much would you give to know?" said a voice.

Helen gave a slight start and looked more closely into the almond-shaped eyes. They surely gleamed more brightly than usual, wearing a wonderfully keen and critical expression as she looked into them. And it was plain that the words came from between the pursed-up lips. She waited to make sure of it and then answered:

"Well, I would give a good deal, for I have often wondered about it."

"Don't slight my dusting," snapped the image. "Rub your cloth a little behind my left arm. Now into the folds of my robes—don't you see how they've gathered dust? And there's a place in my girdle that you neglected last time."

"I'll fix all that," said Helen, working away with her duster. "But are you going to tell me if you were ever a god? Do tell me something of your history."

"Don't you see you've got some of that powder on my stand?" asked the image. "You want to be careful of such things, for they show dreadfully on the black enamel. One day you spilt some on my turban, and some company came and you brought them to look at me, and I was positively mortified. And, Psyche, who was standing close beside me on that day, told me there was a spot on her white neck, and that it made her feel as if she wanted to blush."

"Poor thing! I must be more careful," said Helen, laughing. "But now, as you are as clean as you can be, won't you tell me a little about yourself?"

"There's plenty for you to do before you have time for such things," said the image, in a dictatorial voice. "You haven't dusted your great-grandmother's china yet."

"Well, I can do that while you are talking," said Helen, taking up one by one the dainty bits.

"You want a drop of oil on that Roman lamp," suggested her mentor, a few moments later.

"There it is; can't you tell me which is the oldest, you or it?"

"I think you've left a morsel of dust in the corner of that upper shelf," said the image, critically, as Helen was putting back some pieces.

"Anything to please you," she said, giving it another wipe. "But now, do tell me how old you are. Tell me some of the things you have seen."

"You have set me a little to the right of my usual place," said the image.

"There, then," said Helen, moving him.

"Now set Psyche a little nearer, and see that she has no occasion to complain again of your care of her."

"So you think I am your slave, do you?" said Helen.

The small eyes twinkled as she waited for an answer.

"Please, Miss Helen, here's the new chamois leather you ordered, the man says. I guess you was asleep, miss, wasn't you?"

"Pretty nearly, I think, Jane," said Helen, as she went on with the dusting of the Chinese image which she still held in her hand.

She dusted the remainder of the contents of the cabinet in much less time than usual, then proceeding to do the same duty for those which occupied a pair of curious little stands, finishing last of all the articles which completely covered the mantelpiece. And in the hour which passed before all was done Helen had done more earnest thinking than ever had crowded into any other hour of her life.

"I believe," she said, pausing at length before the Chinese image, "that if you could think at all you would think me your slave, and with good reason. Yes, I've bound myself tighter and tighter to such things as you, until it is like a chain which holds me from other things I ought to do. You are nice and pretty to look at, but you don't bring me one good thing for the hours I spend over you."

She passed into her sewing-room, but the spirit of serious consideration awakened, by Mrs. Wells's suggestion, had not left her but rather seemed to grow deeper with every moment. How entirely she had allowed herself to become absorbed in these things which perish in the using—nay, worse than that, things which had not even the merit of being of real use to any one; and all the while better things were open to her, pressing upon her. Im-

mortal souls which she might be leading into light were sitting in darkness waiting in vain for the words of gracious invitation to enter into light and liberty which her tongue might repeat to them. What blessings she might be winning for others, and surely in so doing, for herself, while her hands were busy with trifles.

"Mother would never have let me spend so much time over things simply for ornament," she said. "Stella, my little bird, you and I must go a trifle plainer, and then I shall have time for the industrial school, and neither of us any the worse for it."

One more half-hour she spent that evening over her bric-a-brac. It was occupied in the selecting of a few of the choicest pieces to be kept in her room, the remainder to be placed where they would require less care and time.

"But I'll keep you here," she said, gazing into the eyes of the Chinese image and laughing at the remembrance of the queer little dream-fancy into which they had led her. "Oh! yes, I shall not forget that you seemed to think me only fit to be your servant, and that you would not even pay me, by giving me a little information as we went along. But I shall make you pay me in being a reminder that there are better things than you in the world."

WE LIVE IN DEEDS, NOT YEARS.—A pleasant, cheerful, generous, charitable-minded woman is never old. Her heart is as young at sixty or seventy as it was at eighteen or twenty. They who are old at sixty or seventy are not made old by time. They are made old by the ravages of passion and feelings of an unsocial and ungenerous nature which have cankered their minds, wrinkled their spirits, and withered their souls. They are heartless, dull, cold, indifferent; they want the well-spring of youthful affection, which is always cheerful, always active, always engaged in some labor of love that is calculated to promote and distribute enjoyment. There is an old age of the heart that is possessed by many who have no suspicion that there is anything old about them, and there is a youth which never grows old.

HOUSEKEEPERS.

"BAKED MEATS;"

A CHAPTER ON WARMING OVER.

"Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."
—*Hamlet.*

HERE we have proof positive that Hamlet's mother was thrifty if she was not true-hearted; she understood how to save for her husband if she did not understand how to mourn for him; and it may have been this thrifty house-keeping (of which saving the funeral meats for a month, and warming them over for her second wedding was a sample) which attracted Claudius to his brother's widow. The queen no doubt understood to perfection the art of warming over "baked meats," and did it so well, we may suppose, that those who did not know her secret, never imagined they were old friends in disguise.

Warming over the "baked meats," and vegetables, too, is a great economy in the household, and the art of doing it well and so successfully that they will be as palatable as when first served, is a great one. It is something, however, which has to be learned. It comes naturally to no one; and perhaps not a few young housekeepers, to whom economy is an object, will be glad of some suggestion on the subject.

As a rule, the family of a young house-keeper is small. This makes it more difficult to have a good table. Small roasts or stews are not nearly as good as large ones, and from large ones there is so much left over, which, if it is not used, makes the meat too expensive. I have known small families who never had a roast because they would not have a small one, and did not know what to do with what would be left from a large one. There are plenty of very nice things which can be done with these "baked meats." Let us begin with veal. It is nice as a roast, and every one enjoys it, and is pleased to meet it cut

cold for lunch. But still there is some left, and you are morally certain they will not touch it again in that form. You cannot afford to throw it away. A better way is to make a meat cake. Chop the cold veal very fine, season with pepper and salt, a little grated lemon peel or powdered thyme; add an equal quantity of bread-crumbs moistened with milk, one beaten egg, and a half cup or more of cream or milk; bake this in a deep buttered dish. It must be solid when it is cold. It is nice, then, for either tea or lunch, cut in slices. Or the veal can serve for another dinner by making a pie of it. Line a pudding dish with pie crust, and fill it with alternate layers of veal and potatoes, both cut small; season well with butter, pepper, and salt, and then put on the top crust and bake.

A nice breakfast dish can be made by chopping the veal very fine, adding a few tablespoons of bread-crumbs, two eggs, a little parsley and seasoning. Form this into cakes, dip them into beaten egg, then into bread-crumbs, and fry in hot lard. Veal chopped very fine also makes a nice omelette. To six eggs add two tablespoonsfuls of chopped veal, season with pepper, salt, and parsley, beat well together, and fry the same as a plain omelette. The knuckle of veal makes a nice soup stock; add to it a bunch of sweet herbs, a slice of cold veal minced fine, also a slice of bread boiled in a pint of milk; season with salt and pepper, and a little mace.

If you have boiled more eggs for breakfast than were eaten, they need not be wasted. Put them in water again and boil them till solid. They can then be used for salad of any kind, or for egg sandwiches. To make the latter, peel the eggs when quite cold, and after taking a little white off of each end, cut the remainder into four slices; lay these between bread and butter. This is very nice for luncheon or to take to picnics. Boiled ham left over is, of course, nice cut cold. Another way to utilize it, is to chop it

very fine, mix with a little mustard and make sandwiches. This is a change from the regulation cold ham, and makes a dish for lunch or supper. A salad can be made of cold ham; make it as you would chicken salad. Then there is ham omelette. Chop the ham very fine, break and beat well enough of eggs to mix with the quantity of ham you have; you can easily judge. Fry as you would any omelette. Cold fried ham can be used in the same manner. An appetizing way to cook this latter is to cut it in small dices, pour milk over it, put it in a pan and let it boil, and when boiled thicken the milk by adding a little flour and water, nicely mixed as for gravy.

Cold mutton may be warmed over, and made do very well for a second dinner. Wrap it in thickly buttered paper and put in the oven. Be sure it is covered closely, and let it remain long enough to get hot through, but not to cook. Make a gravy to serve with it. If the joint cannot be covered in the oven, another way is to put it in a pot over the fire without water, but with a dessertspoonful of vinegar. Let it get heated through and serve with vinegar sauce. For a breakfast dish, cut cold mutton into slices, season with cayenne-pepper and salt; melt a small piece of butter in a frying pan, and add two blades of mace; turn them once, dust in a little flour, and stir in a half teacup of jelly; stir till the jelly is melted. Another way to warm over mutton is to cut it, if a loin, into chops, or a leg into thick collops, and dip each into egg well beaten with a tablespoonful of milk, then dip it into very fine bread-crumbs and fry quickly in plenty of hot lard. Instead of being breaded, they are dipped into thick batter and fried. Any kind of meat or chicken may be warmed over in this way. Mutton croquettes make a good lunch dish. Chop the meat very fine, and to every pint of it add a half-pint of milk or cream, a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of chopped onions, a quarter of nutmeg, salt and pepper it to taste. Rub the flour and butter together, and stir them into boiling milk for five minutes over the fire. Season the meat and add it to the milk. Stir this over the fire until it is hot, then set the mixture to cool. When cold, form

into pear-shaped croquettes; roll first in beaten eggs, then in bread-crumbs. Fry in boiling lard.

Bits of fried liver left over can be chopped up with other meats for hash. It vastly improves the hash. Salt fish left over can be made into fish-balls with potatoes or scalloped. For the latter put a layer of bread-crumbs in the bottom of a pudding dish, a layer of the fish, then a layer of bread-crumbs buttered; continue this till the dish is full, and pour over it a coffee cup of milk. Fresh fish can be utilized in the same way, only add more seasoning. Fish croquettes, made with either fresh or salt fish, are always liked. Take out the bones, mince it, then add a beaten egg, a teacup of flour, and a teacup of milk; roll into balls, and brush the balls with beaten egg; dredge with bread-crumbs, and fry to a nice color in pork gravy.

SAVE OLD WHITE RAGS.

DON'T sell the soft, clean linen or cotton rags, or sell or burn them.

True, they may "clutter" up the house, and you need every mite of room you have, but sometimes they are sorely needed, and new cloth will not do nearly so well.

When our dear mother was sick we needed them in bathing and for other purposes. Her sickness only lasted eleven days, but we could not find half enough of the soft, easily-handled rags we needed.

Partly-worn garments were cut up, and even then we had to call upon our neighbors to give us "rags."

Her flesh was too tender to be rasped with stiff new cloths.

Then, in a country house one evening, as the hired man sat at work mending harness, the knife slipped and a great gash was cut in his arm. How the blood did spurt from the wound! but the rag-bag was handy. In a few seconds the proper dressing was at hand and the hurt was promptly attended to.

Another time we were shocked by the "gude mon" of the house hastily calling for "rags," saying, "our old friend C— had just had his right hand torn off by his circular saw."

"Be quick, please, he is bleeding fearfully, and rags are needed," was the second call.

"But I have no rags," was the dismal reply of the neat housekeeper who had only that morning told us, "we might hunt her house from garret to cellar and not find any tags and rags."

"Why, Helen, only last week I saw a great bundle of clean white ones, the very thing we need. The surgeon is waiting for them. I told him we had plenty, and the "gude mon" spoke impatiently.

"We had plenty, but Charlie sold them to the rag-man, yesterday," said the mother, her face flushing scarlet as she thought of the mild "Thee had best not sell those, Helen," of the good Quaker mother-in-law when Charlie was bundling them up.

"Oh! bother. Well, I'll have to get something," and he did find three shirts, partly worn. Tearing them as he ran, he called out:

"Helen, do please remember that this is a world in which accidents are frequently occurring. Don't forget to save the rags after this."

We have had occasion to watch beside many sick-beds, dress wounds of many descriptions, and know the value of soft, clean white rags, and have not the "heart" to burn up one, as if, we don't need them, some sick body will, and will thank us for our "rags."

ELLA GUERNSEY.

NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

Well-tried recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on subjects of special interest to housekeepers will be welcome for this department, which we have reason to believe most of our readers find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking information concerning any subject they wish light upon. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

OUR HOLIDAYS.

I THINK we all enjoy the holidays in a greater or lesser degree, but do we get from them the enjoyment we might? I fear that sometimes they are more of a trouble than a comfort, but I believe, by a little systematic planning, even the busiest of us may render the preparations for them, "a pleasure long drawn out," instead of a few days or weeks so filled with hurry and overwork that all the pleasant memories and associations, which should cluster around the making of holiday remembrances, somehow get crowded out.

My idea is, to have a box of a size to suit the requirements of the case, and in it, at first, only a small note-book and pencil. In this book, at various times as the ideas strike you, write what you wish

to do for this or that friend, relative, or acquaintance and when, for instance—"Cousin Carrie's birthday, January 15th, work-box." "Brother Frank, stamp-case for a valentine." "Widow Murphy's invalid daughter, a box of colors in time to make Easter eggs for the market, etc., etc." Two points must be considered in making your entries, firstly, what you can afford to give; secondly, what will be suitable for the recipient.

If you are at all limited as to means, and are so unfortunate as to have upon your list any who value a gift mainly at its market value, I would advise you to drop them from the list; that will leave more for those who think most of the loving heart which prompted the giving of some token of affection.

When you sort over your piece-boxes, if there are any pieces you do not care to keep and don't wish to piece up yourself, roll them into a neat bundle, mark it "For Sallie Brown" or whatever the name of the little girl or old Auntie is, whom you know loves patch-work, and drop it into the box until the chosen time comes. Those balls of Saxony left from Hattie's and Susie's mittens, will make Fred a pretty pair of wristlets. Drop

those in the box, too; and when shopping keep your eyes open for materials that will help to fill your treasure-box. Here are some remnants of print and gingham, they will make nice work-aprons for grown folks or play-aprons for little ones. To-morrow is the servant's birthday, she doesn't suppose you care whether she is eighteen or eighty, if she only does her work well. Suppose you take a peep into that box, and see if you have not had something laid away for a long while, awaiting this occasion. Don't throw those picture and story papers into the waste box, but make a neat bundle of them to gladden the heart of some one who loves stories and pictures, but cannot buy them. Now, that you are cleaning out the trunks and closets, you will no doubt find some garments that have become too small for the original wearer. They are well made and still quite whole and good, and it is a pity to make carpet-rags of them, and worse to put them in the paper-rags. See that all the buttons, tapes, etc., are in order, and I am sure they will be very acceptable to some poor child, and will make their new owner quite as comfortable, while they last, as though originally intended for—may I say “thou?” If you wish to get the full benefit of giving, give to those who do not expect it, and who are usually neglected.

Now, for the enjoyment of the holidays. Try and make “red-letter days” of them all. If you have no friends or relatives near enough, so that you can go to them or they come to you, perhaps you may feel rather lonely, but if you have little ones, make every holiday a play-day with them. If you have been industrious, you have earned a little recreation; do something different from the every-day routine; read that new book; do a little fancy work; make some of the gifts you have materials laid away for; do any of the pleasant little things that every woman has “laid away on the shelf” because she feels as though she ought not to do such work when there is so much else to do—because this is a holiday, you know, so let's take the good of it, for once. Then, if you want the children to get the full enjoyment of their cakes and candies at Christmas, don't sit up nights making them to stuff their stockings with; instead, after the breakfast work is done up, acci-

dentially (?) discover a box in some out-of-the-way place, containing bags of raisins, nuts, pulverized sugar, chocolate, sugar sand, etc. Get the children all dressed up with their big aprons on, adjourn to the kitchen, tell them how, and let them make their cookies and candies to suit themselves; and if they do not refer to that particular holiday more frequently than to any other one, they are not at all like my little folks in their notions of genuine fun.

ELDER'S WIFE.

[You have certainly given us a very practical and interesting little “talk,” on a subject which can never become trite; and in behalf of the “HOME” we extend you a special invitation to pull the latch-string often. We think the “common” pronoun “thou” has never made much headway in gaining popular favor, but it certainly is a more convenient and graceful form of expression than “him or her.”]

HINTS FROM “HELIOTROPE.”

DEAR EDITOR:—I send to Sister Meg my recipe for soft gingerbread: One cup molasses, one cup brown sugar, one cup sour cream, one small teaspoon soda, one teaspoon ginger, flour to make as thick as layer cake; bake in a large dripping-pan, being careful not to burn in the least. Also a nice tart recipe: Make a nice crust and bake, as usual. When you wish to use them, take one cup rich, sweet cream, two teaspoonfuls white sugar, a small teaspoonful vanilla, whip until quite stiff, then put a small spoonful into each tart-shell.

I wish to ask “Pipsey” what has become of the “Top-rail Club?” I enjoyed that very much.

I suppose we all have to eat to live; but we certainly ought not to live to eat. Let cooking be a secondary consideration, at least; our spiritual natures need food as much as our bodies. Let us set our aims high, following in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good. Can we not find some good that we may do for others, each day? Life is full of duties, every moment has its own work. Let us be earnest, then, in helping others, in ordering our own lives aright, in living so

that each day may find us a step "nearer the great, white Throne."

"Ponder well, and know the right; Onward, then! with all thy might; Haste not! rest not! conflict past, God shall crown thy work at last."

HELIOTROPE.

[We think you are not the only one of the "HOME" band who has enjoyed "Pipsey's" pleasant relation of the "Top-rail" proceedings, and would like to see the papers continued.]

"HOME" RECIPES.

DEAR EDITOR:—Having derived a great deal of benefit from this department, I, too, would like to join the circle and add my mite in the way of recipes that have been called for:

GINGER SNAPS.—One and one-half cups each of sugar and good New Orleans molasses, one and one-fourth cups of lard, one tablespoonful of soda dissolved in ten tablespoonfuls of hot water (or sour milk), ginger and salt to taste. Make a stiff dough, roll thin, and bake in a quick oven.

SPANISH CREAM.—Will Ella Hathaway please try this recipe? One box of gelatine in one quart cold milk. Let it warm until dissolved. Separate whites and yolks of four eggs; beat the yolks with one-half cup of sugar; stir into the milk and let come to a boil, beat the whites with one-half cup of sugar to a stiff froth, stir these in quickly, take off the fire, and pour into cups or molds. If not sweet enough for your taste, add more sugar.

I have an excellent recipe for "Baker's gingerbread" that I have never had a failure with; will send it if desired.

MRS. JOHN WEIGEL.

[It is desired, assuredly. Tested recipes are always welcome.]

DEAR "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS:—May I peep in and thank you all for kind suggestions and pleasant chat? I think many of the sisters are like myself, and enjoy recipes which have been tested by other members of the band, and are so inexpensive that all can benefit by them. I send two of my recipes, both of which are cheap and good:

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup West India molasses, one-half cup brown sugar, one-half cup butter, lard, or butter melted, one heaping teaspoon ginger. Put these all together and stir, then add an even teaspoonful of soda dissolved in half-cup of very cold water. Add flour quickly, making the dough very hard. Knead till firm and smooth, roll half an inch thick, cut, and bake in a rather quick oven.

METHODIST CRUMPETS.—One cup moist brown sugar (maple is best), one-half cup butter, one cup chopped fruit, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one large spoonful of sweet milk, spices as for fruit-cake, roll, cut, and bake like cookies. The above will keep a year if you don't eat them sooner.

SISTER CALLIE.

[Further "simple recipes" and the patterns you speak of will be very acceptable. By the way, you do not give the measurement of cold water, in the recipe for snaps, beyond the "half;" we have supplied "cup." Is that right?]

DEAR EDITOR:—Not long ago you told one of the sisters that the latch-string was always out. May I pull it, walk in, and tell Sister Meg how we make soft molasses gingerbread without eggs? Two cups molasses, nearly a cup of shortening, with a small piece of butter, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of soda, and two cups of water, or sweet milk. Stir quite thick.

"MAMIE."

DEAR "NOTES":—I think if Sister Meg will try my way of making soft gingerbread she will find it just what she wants. I have used it a long time and think it excellent. One and one-half cups of Orleans molasses, one-half cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter (I often use nice beef-drippings instead), half cup sweet milk, teaspoon of soda, half teaspoon of allspice, and teaspoon of ginger. Mix all together thoroughly; add three cups sifted flour and bake in shallow pans.

I would also like to indorse Sister Marie's plan of having pie-dough always ready. It is very handy for those who bake a great many pies, or those who, like myself, like fresh pies. I prepare the flour

by rubbing in the proper quantity of lard, with right proportion of salt; then the dough is ready to mix any time I need it. I always prepare a gallon crockful each time, and never allow myself to get out. This is especially convenient in cold weather, when it is difficult to rub the lard up nice and fine. I hope some one will try these rules and report, as I shall want to hear how they are liked before sending more. I would like to ask if eggs are never used in making jumbles?

MRS. ROSE SUTTON.

[Nearly always, we think. In a number of recipes at hand, the quantity of eggs used varies from one to four. Your contribution is very acceptable, and we shall like to hear from you again.]

NICE EGGLESS PLUM PUDDING.—One cup N. O. molasses, two cups suet, three cups raisins, three cups milk, two teaspoons soda, eight cups sifted flour, boil about four hours; spice, if liked. Eat with nice sauce.

SOUTHERN GINGER SNAPS.—One quart of syrup, one pound of sugar, one-half pound each of butter and lard, or all butter, if you can spare it; add a pinch of salt to produce crispness, unless the butter is very salt, and flour to stiffen sufficiently to roll out. The syrup should be beaten with a silver fork until very light. Roll the dough thin, and bake in a moderately hot oven.

VIRGINIA JUMBLES.—Three-fourths pound sugar, one-half pound butter, four eggs, beaten separately, season with lemon, add as little flour as will enable you to roll out the dough. Bake in a rather slow oven. Use heavy weight of sugar.

VIRGINIA.

ONE YEAR COOKIES.—One cupful each of sugar, butter, and molasses, spice with ginger, or to taste, add about four cups sifted flour, roll and bake without scorching. These will keep a long time, growing better with age.

PLAIN JUMBLES.—One egg, two cups sugar, one and one-half cups butter, two teaspoons cream of tartar, one of soda, two tablespoons of milk (a little more, if still plainer cakes are wanted, or it may be omitted altogether), flavor with va-

nilla, lemon, or nutmeg; add flour to make a very soft dough; sprinkle granulated sugar on before cutting out.

MARY L. N.

COCOANUT JUMBLES.—One-third cup butter, one cup sugar, one-half cup milk, three eggs, reserving one white for frosting, if this is desired, one teaspoon cream tartar, one-half teaspoon soda, two cups flour, one-half cup prepared cocoanut, flavor as liked or not at all. Bake like drop cakes, on buttered tins. For the frosting, dissolve one cup granulated sugar in four tablespoons water; boil until it ropes, without stirring; have the white of egg beaten stiff; turn the syrup over it, beating all the while. Add a pinch of cream tartar, and flavor to taste.

MRS. C. F. M.

NOTELETS.

Will some of the readers of "Notes from HOME Housekeepers" give me a recipe for "Dutch crullers?"

A. W.

[The following is an old Dutch recipe for crullers, or "oliekoeks," which has been in use for more than a century: Cream one cup of butter with two cups of sugar; add two well-beaten eggs, a half-teaspoonful of salt, two cups of milk, and flour to make a stiff batter. Next add a cup of good yeast, and continue adding flour until the dough is as stiff as you can stir it, lay the mass over, sprinkle with flour, and let rise from fifteen to eighteen hours, according to warmth of atmosphere. Take out on the molding board, roll out, cut, and roll into balls an inch and a half in diameter. Make a little gash in the centre of each as you shape it and slip in a raisin, wetting the edges of the cut and pressing them together afterward, else the raisin will fry out in the fat. Let the cakes stand for half an hour after cutting out, then fry in hot fat for ten minutes, remove, drain thoroughly, and roll in powdered sugar.]

I have taken the "HOME" a great many years, and since this department was started the magazine is worth much more to me. E. C. F., I have tried using

the damp bits of paper when sweeping a carpet, and like it better than either tea leaves or Indian meal; the former are apt to stain a light-colored carpet, and we have to go over the ground a great many times to get all the meal. I also think the pattern supplement an improvement.

P. M. S.

[Clean, damp sawdust, accessible to those who have ice-houses, is an excellent carpet cleanser.]

DEAR "HOME" FRIENDS:—Will somebody tell me a sure cure for chilblains?

MINNIE WILSON.

[In the February (we think) "Notes" of last year several remedies were given for chilblains, one of which was particularly simple and efficacious, and from none of which could possible harm result. A prominent physician says of this painful complaint: "If one understands the philosophy of chilblains, he will be better able to prevent and relieve them—and this is it: Long exposure to coldness and dampness in wet autumn and later exposure to warmth, gradually paralyzes the tiny blood-vessels near the surface of the skin, they lose tone and become enlarged, and watery parts of blood exude and become blisters." For immediate relief, bathe the feet in very hot water every night before retiring, and anoint with a weak solution of boracic acid, or solution of naphthol in absolute alcohol and olive oil—equal parts. Any druggist can prepare it. Petroleum, kerosene, or iodine are also good; they increase burning at first, but soothe later. Those universal family remedies, vaseline and extract of witch-hazel, are also recommended. Gentle, firm, even pressure on the afflicted parts often brings great relief. Dissolve one part pure gelatine to two parts water over a gentle heat, when dissolved apply with a brush to the parts affected, and the pressure begins as soon as the gelatine hardens. If too stiff when hard, add a little glycerine. Collodion is also good for this purpose. In severe cases internal treatment is often prescribed by good physicians. The following liniment for chilblains is used by a well-known practitioner: Camphor, one oz.; olive oil, four fluid ozs.; dissolved by gentle heat and use as other salve. Another excellent

remedy is equal parts proof spirits, lime water, and sweet oil. Another, said to be unfailing, is: A solution of thirty grains of permanganate of potassa in an ounce of pure water; apply thoroughly with a brush or swab, or in form of a poultice. We have known of cases where this remedy acted like magic, effecting also a permanent cure.]

DEAR "HOME":—Will you please to give in your correspondence club the model way of fixing up a bed? Rumor has it that the large, square pillows are going out of style, and the smaller sizes of olden time coming into vogue. I wish to make some pillows soon, and if some kind sister will give correct measures for pillows and slips, for three-quarters size bed, and suggestions as to manner of trimming the slips, etc., I shall be greatly obliged. May I ask also for directions for making a muffler of ice-wool, for the neck? I have long been hoping some one would give directions for crocheting a "husher," but have failed as yet to find any. I always look forward to the coming of the "HOME" with its notes from sister housekeepers with the greatest of pleasure. Hoping you will not think me too inquisitive, I remain your admiring friend,

WASHINGTON, IOWA.

MRS. A. D.

[You are not at all too inquisitive, and "Notes" on the subjects you mention will be helpful, no doubt, to others besides yourself. To say that any particular "way of fixing up a bed" is the fashion now, is to make a mistake, for never before has personal fancy in matters of this kind held such undisputed sway. Still there is no doubt that the old square pillow has, for the present, had its day, even though, in the matter of dressing the bed, one's own taste may be followed to any extent. The size of pillows most in vogue is twenty by thirty inches—that is, when pillows are seen at all; the "ultras" frequently discard them during the day, the bed-spread being sufficiently long to draw over the top of the bed, the sheet hem-stitched and embroidered with initial or monogram in the centre, below the hem. The upholstered bolster is the latest novelty in this line; it should be stuffed full and have rounded ends, its fine linen covering being

finished with heavy tassels at each end. As for the spreads now seen, each one claiming prominence and style, they are legion, from the finely crocheted one, very lace-like in appearance, to the heavily embroidered ones in colors, there is ample room for choice. Bolton sheeting is much used for the purpose, and a very lovely spread was lately exhibited at a fashionable emporium decorated thus: A border of morning glories, both red and blue, was at top and bottom, with the motto "Happy dreams fulfilled in waking" intertwined with the same flowers exquisitely worked in the centre. Another spread, close by, vied with this in beauty. Poppies running at their (or their worker's) own sweet will, covered the entire surface, not too closely, however, they being worked in very heavy outline, the stamens in knot-stitch. The background was of darned work, in shaded red deepening into brown. Should pillows be used and consequently slips required, fine linen with drawn work and lace, decorates them prettily, while those who still adhere to shams need have no fear they will be left in the minority. Concerning that muffler, we are afraid that any information will reach you too late to be of use this season. Ice-wool is, you are aware, to be worked in the same manner as any other, and we do not think you could find a stitch more simple or prettier for the purpose than the star stitch, or alternate rows of star and shells. Make a chain of the length you wish, turn and work on it a row of stars; turn at the end, chain three, and in the second row put three trebles in the eye of every star, chaining three at the end in order to keep the edge straight. Continue, alternating rows of star and shell throughout; border with knitting silk or wool in any color you prefer, and in any preferred style; a pretty scallop border is made by working eight trebles in a shell, single crochet in next, eight trebles in next, and so on; go around these with silk, fastening it into a stitch, chain three, fasten in next stitch, chain three, skip a stitch, fasten in next, thus giving a picot edge, which is a very pretty finish. As for the "husher," we wonder if the "slumber robe" "Sandusky" promised us directions for making isn't just what you want.]

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.—It was old Izaak Walton who said, "Every misery that I miss is a new mercy"—a saying worthy of the profoundest philosopher. It is only too true that misfortunes come to us on wings, but retire with a limping pace; and yet one-half the world are ready to meet calamities half-way, and indirectly to welcome them. There is scarcely an evil in life that we cannot double by pondering it; a scratch will thus become a serious wound, and a slight illness even be made to end in death by the brooding apprehension of the sick; while, on the other hand, a mind accustomed to look upon the bright side of all things will repel the mildew and dampness of care by its genial sunshine. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness; and thus life takes its hues of light or shade from the character or disposition upon which it rests.

LIFE.—Whatever may be the mystery, the value, or the purpose of life, it is to every human being the rounding off of a separate self. This self is the highest outcome of life; it is a complex being, an imitable creation, full of possible achievements and perhaps infinite in its working power. And life immediately becomes worth living to the man who perceives the value and the capabilities of this self, and, while accepting the gift, acknowledges that he is indebted to the Giver. The value of the physical body which forms part of this self may be daily increased by the owner during the years of health and strength, and there is no part of it that does not deserve the best care and training that can be bestowed on it. All its organs were originally most exquisitely adapted to perform their several functions, and it rests with man to use or to abuse them, to devote himself to noble or to ignoble purposes.

MORAL COURAGE will always rank higher than physical. The one is a daily necessity, while the other may be required only in emergencies.

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

CROCHETED TASSELS.

THE crocheted tassels spoken of in the HOME MAGAZINE for March, 1888, are here represented. They are very pretty for the many purposes for which tassels are used, and may, of course, be varied in



CROCHETED TASSELS.

size or shape. Tassels belonging to a shoulder cape made of Spanish yarn furnished the model for the illustration; they have borne all manner of usage for a long time, and are still as light and nicely shaped as at first. If made con-

siderably larger and of heavier wool they are very effective in home decoration, being as handsome and as far removed from the old style home-made tassel, as are those furnished by the upholsterer.

The parts are all prepared separately and put together on the cord with a needle. For a tassel made of Spanish yarn or zephyr wool make the cord of a long eight-fold strand of wool; twist it closely, double and twist again and tie a knot in each end. For a cape the finished cord should be about a yard and a quarter long, and should be run into the openings at the neck before the tassels are added.

Each tassel requires three puffed circles and a crocheted strip of loops, like the work described on pages 318 and 319 of the March, 1888, HOME. At the beginning of the crocheted strip make five coils by winding the double wool five times around three fingers for each one; then, with no break in the heading, make nine coils, winding the wool four times around two fingers for each; break off and fasten ends.

For one circle, the upper one on cord.

Chain five and join.

First round.—Ten singles in ring, join.

Second round.—Chain three,* one puff (see page 318), one double (thread over once), repeat from star four times, join to third stitch of chain.

Third row.—Draw up by one single in each double of preceding row, join; this should be done closely so as to reduce this round to the size of the first round; break off wool, leaving a short needleful with which to fasten to cord.

For the next circle put twelve singles in first round; six puffs and six doubles in second; finish like first.

For the lower large one put fourteen singles in first round; seven puffs and seven doubles in second; make an extra round of fourteen singles; finish with a round of seven singles, one in every alternate stitch.

Run the cord through these three

circles—small one first and all right side up—and push them up out of the way. Fasten the first end of the heading of strip of loops to the cord just above the knot at end; wind heading around till the five long coils are used and sew it closely to cord, wind the rest around, above the long loops, so as to produce the effect represented in the sketch and sew firmly in place; slip the large circle down so that it will rest on these loops, and fasten to position, so that the first round shall be half an inch or more above the last round on the cord; confine the remaining circles in the same way at equal distances above. Shake out and lighten the loops and puffs and I think you will be pleased with your work.

WAVED CLOVER-LEAF LACE.

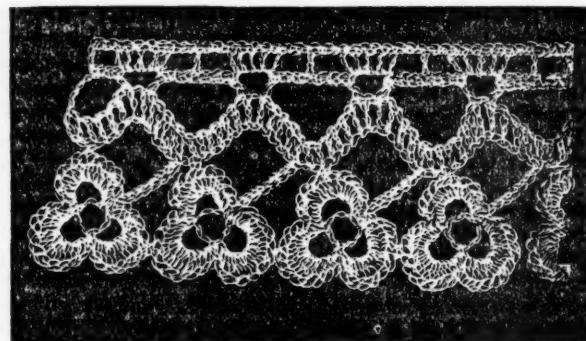
TO make this handsome lace it is necessary to make the thick waved row with the clover leaves first, the heading is added afterward.

stem by 1 slip st; pass by the stem to first loop (keeping st on hook *over* stem, and thread *under* stem) in which put 1 sc, 6 dc, then unite by 1 slip st to second dc on foundation ch; put 6 dc, 1 sc in same leaf; 1 sc, 12 dc, 1 sc in next loop for second leaf; same in next loop for third leaf, 8 sc over the stem, then 12 dc along foundation chain (1 dc in every st), ch 12, and make second pattern same as first, fastening middle of first leaf to second dc from stem of first pattern, and middle of second leaf to eighth st of third leaf in first pattern; repeat to end of chain.

For heading; first row.—Go back along foundation ch with 7 ch; 1 sc between fourth and fifth dc counting from stem, 1 sc between next two dc, 1 sc between next two dc; 7 ch; 3 sc as before, repeat to end.

Second row.—9 sc over 7 ch, ch 3, pass over the 3 sc, 9 sc over 7 ch as before, repeat.

Third row.—1 dc in first of 9 sc, 2 ch, 1 dc in centre of 9 sc, 2 ch, 1 sc in last of 9 sc, 3 dc on 3 ch, repeat.



WAVED CLOVER-LEAF LACE.

Make a chain about one and one-half times as long as you intend the piece of lace to be when it is completed; this is the foundation of the waved row. Turn and work back putting 1 dc in each of the first 12 stitches of ch; then make a ch of 12 stitches, turn, put 1 sc in seventh st of ch (this makes small ring for centre of pattern and leaves 6 stitches for stem), turn, 5 ch, 1 sc in ring, 5 ch, 1 sc in ring, 5 ch, 1 sc in ring (which makes 3 loops for foundation of leaves), fasten at base of

Fourth row.—1 sc between each dc in group, 2 sc in each space, repeat.

D. C.—Thread over once.

CROCHETED ITALIAN LACE.

MAKE a chain the desired length. First row.—1 sc in every stitch of ch; turn.

Second row.—Ch 5, 1 dc (thread over once) in every third stitch with 2 ch between; turn.

Third row.—3 sc over ch in every space between dc; turn.

Fourth row.—1 sc in each of the first 5 stitches, ch 9, pass 4 st, 5 sc in next 5 st, ch 9, repeat to end.

Fifth row.—1 sc in each of the second, third, and fourth stitches of the 5 sc, ch 5, 1 sc in centre of 9 ch, ch 5, repeat to end.

Sixth row.—1 sc in second stitch of 3 sc, ch 5, 3 sc under 1 sc in ch (1 in the sc and 1 on ch at each side), ch 5, repeat to end.

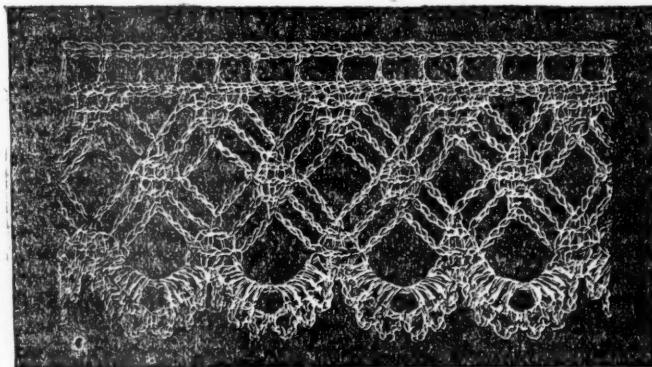
Seventh row.—Ch 10 at the end before beginning this row to prevent drawing up, then: 5 sc under 3 sc (1 in each stitch and 1 on ch at each side), ch 9, repeat to end.

narrow satin or velvet ribbons out and in spaces at the top and tie in light airy bows. The spaces in second row might be made larger, if desired for wider ribbon, by making trebles or long trebles instead of double crochet.

FRANCES H. P.

LINING AND TRIMMING BASKETS.

THERE is probably no more useful and interesting employment for spare time, or even hours specially devoted to the purpose, than the lining and trimming of work-baskets and suitable articles of basket-work generally. A few remarks on



CROCHETED ITALIAN LACE.

Eighth row.—Like fifth row.

Ninth row.—Like sixth row.

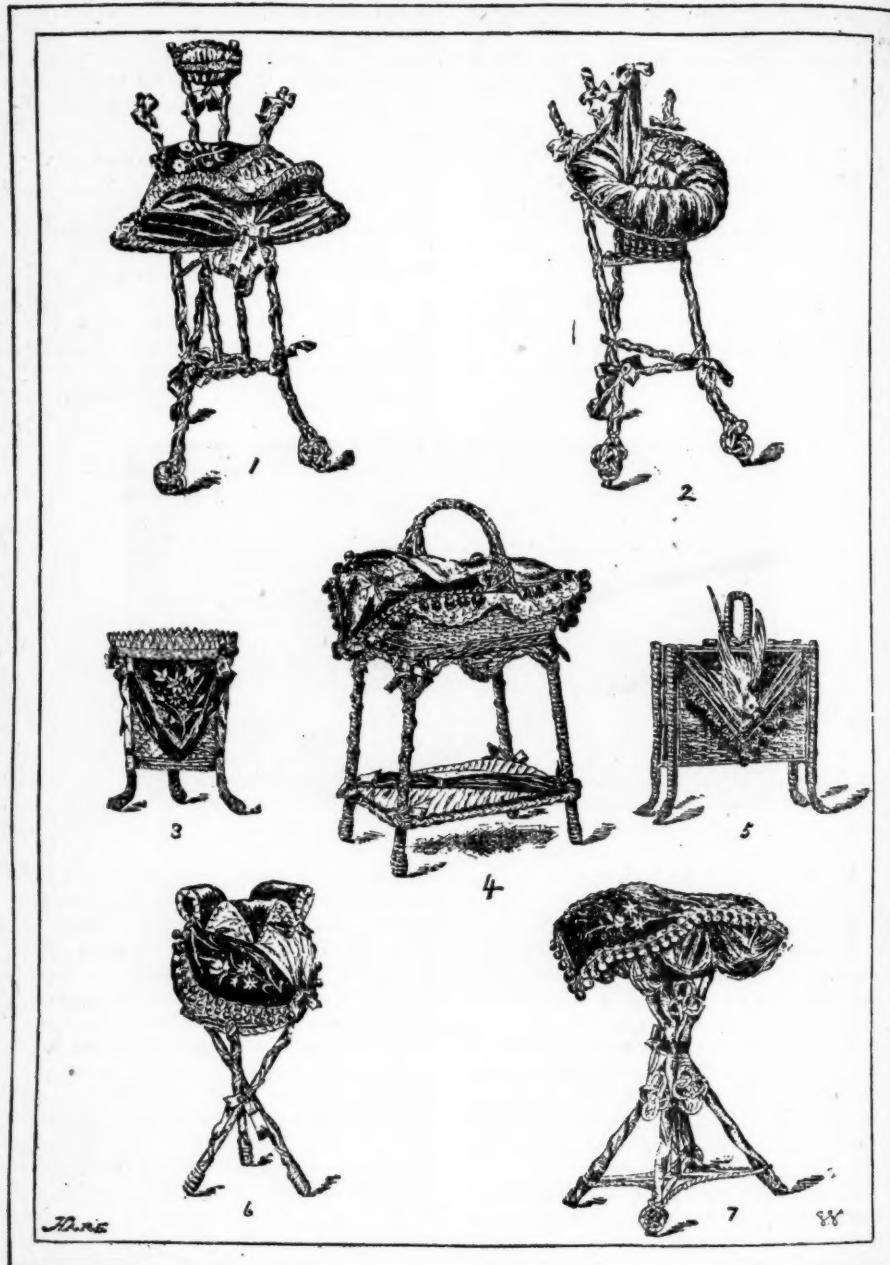
Tenth row.—Like seventh row.

Eleventh row.—3 sc under 5 sc (in second, third and fourth stitches), 5 dc on first half of 9 ch, ch 2, 5 dc on last half of 9 ch, repeat to end.

Twelfth row.—1 sc in centre stitch of 3 sc, 1 sc in first stitch of scallop, ch 3, 1 sc in each of the next 2 stitches, ch 3, 1 sc in each of next 2 stitches, ch 3, 2 sc in space at point of scallop, fell out scallop like first half, repeat to end.

This is very pretty for trimming under garments or for summer ginghams, cambrics, or other wash goods. A pretty children's set for collar and sleeves might be made from this pattern. Make a piece for neck as long as standing collar; for each wrist crochet round and round without turning, so as to avoid a seam. Run

the subject of basket-lining may prove of use to those who are interested in this class of work at the present time. There is probably no other class of articles that are better adapted for artistic manipulation from feminine fingers than baskets, as they make an excellent medium for the display of taste and ingenuity in devising new combinations of colors from the various odds and ends of anything and everything that can be worked up and utilized for this purpose. Thus there is no necessity for the baskets selected for lining being new; any suitable shape, no matter how soiled, providing it is not damaged or broken, will do. Thus expensive, or even common, baskets, that will probably be discarded as soon as they are soiled, can readily be converted into elegant articles for household use and adornment by a little judicious lining,



gilding, and trimming, that would be very expensive if they were to be purchased ready done. I have generally found that

suitable baskets for the kind shown in our sketches can be obtained at most fancy stores who deal in them, and who are only

too ready to dispose of them cheaply when once they have become discolored. In this way good French baskets—there are none better for lining—are frequently to be found, such as the square work-table and pique-edge paper-basket with rattle feet, shown in sketches 3 and 4. I rather like rattle feet to a basket; they give it a substantial appearance, and are at the same time light and pretty.

Then there are work-tables open and covered in different patterns often to be met with; sponge baskets of various kinds that make admirable wall-pockets. The high-back sponge baskets are the best for lining. The rush and wicker baskets now so popular are also very suitable for lining. Then the flower-stands in 1, 2, and 6 in our sketches, of the kind that may have done duty all the summer, can be converted into very useful work-baskets, while a little trimming has greatly improved the appearance of the paper-rack, No 5; and the same may be said of the work-table, No. 7. I do not advise lining light and flimsy baskets of any kind, or those with colored straw and other materials worked in them, as they never look well, and time and materials can be much better expended on more suitable baskets, such as those we described. White baskets should never be lined, as they do not show to advantage when finished. In order to prepare them for lining, they should be stained brown, any shade as this gives them an "antique" hue that greatly adds to their appearance. The stain can be applied with a brush, and afterward varnished. Staining baskets brown that are intended to be lined not only improves them, but enables one to use up any old basket that has become soiled or discolored, and would be otherwise useless. Green rush and buff wicker that is already dark enough, of course does not need staining; but baskets of this kind can be greatly improved by gilding parts of them, such as the feet, borders, and handles. There is nothing that improves basket-work—or, in fact, any other decorative work—so much as a little gilding, as the most expensive materials made are only wasted in the hands of one with no eye for color and effect.

There are many colors in satins—which is the principal material used for lining—unsuitable; and I may here mention them

for the benefit of those who may happen to be purchasing satin at any time for this purpose. Black and white are, of course, unsuitable, while pink, lavender, French-gray, cream, salmon, and light-green should be carefully avoided, and the different shades of brown, navy-blue, and bright reds should next be eliminated from the list; while such colors as light blue, mauve, and magenta may be ticked as doubtful. The satin should be of fairly good quality with "face" on it, and the colors most suitable for general lining are cardinal, peacock-blue, and green, old-gold, cerise, terra-cotta, olive-green, and the different shades of these colors. I have not given any directions for lining baskets similar to those in the sketches, as it is difficult to give precise instructions for any particular article when so much depends upon individual taste and fancy, and the materials that one may have and wish to use up; therefore the arrangement of the different baskets in the sketches is merely suggestive. The principal part to be done in lining a work-table or basket is the "buttoning" for the top and bottom, and there is only one way to do this properly in order to make it neat and effective.

There are, of course, several methods of doing buttoning, as is the case with most other processes for fancy work; but the one usually adopted for basket lining is so simple, and the effect produced is so good when properly done, that I think it must be considered the best and most suitable for this class of work. We will suppose the article in hand to be lined is a covered work-basket—that is to say, one with a lid. If it is to be lined in the usual way, a piece of buttoning will be required for the lid and the bottom of the basket, and the method of doing this is as follows: Cut from stout cardboard or strawboard two pieces to the size and shape of the lid and bottom, so that they fit easily into the basket. When this has been done, then mark the places where the buttons are to go. In small articles, such as work-baskets, they are generally about an inch apart, and in larger articles, such as work-tables with trays, they look better a little wider apart. The marking of the cardboards are usually done by drawing lines with a pencil, so as to form squares, and where the lines intersect each other will be the places for the buttons. The cards should

then be pierced with the point of the scissors to form holes so that the needle can pass through freely. I may here mention that the small silk-covered buttons used for this purpose can be obtained at most stores who deal in art needlework, or who would get them to order. When the cardboards have been prepared in the way described, the satin to cover them should then be cut. This should be much larger than the cards, so as to allow for the raising and turning over of the edges. The satin should now be laid on the card, and two or three of the buttons loosely sewn on, the needle of course passing through the prepared holes. When this has been done, a piece of common wool or wadding should be deftly thrust in the square formed by the buttons. Another button should then be sewed on the next point, and a piece of wool placed in the space prepared for it, and the process repeated until the whole is complete.

Care should be taken to keep the work even, and all the raised parts the same size, so that, when finished, it has the appearance of studded leather-work on a small scale.

The ends should now be turned over and glued down or sewn, but care should be taken that the stitch marks do not show. The buttoning for the lid and bottom being now finished, there only remains the inside and the receptacle for the fittings to be made for the basket to be complete. A piece of satin long enough to go round the inside, and deep enough to allow for waste, should be cut, plaited, and sewed in. The buttoning for the bottom should now be glued firmly in, care, of course, being taken that the glue does not touch the satin. Two small pockets to go in the corners or the sides, if they are preferred that way, should be cut, made, and sewn in, and a narrow fancy fringe of a color to harmonize with the satin should be sewn round the edge, and the inside is then complete. The band and the place for the fittings generally seen across the lid of most satin-lined baskets is made as follows: A strip of cardboard, about an inch and a half wide, and long enough to go across the lid and allow for the ends being turned down, is cut and covered with satin; another piece of cardboard the same length, but only three-quarters of an inch in width, is covered with satin, and sewn on with buttons on the wide

pieces. This narrow band should be sewn on in a succession of loops to hold the different fittings, such as the thimble, scissors, bodkin, and so on. The band, when complete, should be fastened exactly across the centre of the buttoning, and the ends turned over and glued down. This should now be glued inside the lid, and the basket is complete.

The other method of lining the insides of work-baskets is to put in a piece of quilting in place of the buttoning; but, although this is much easier to do, it is not nearly so effective as buttoning, and I should always recommend the latter process for this work. There are now so many varieties of pretty covered work-baskets suitable for lining to select from that it is unnecessary to suggest any particular kind when this depends so much upon individual fancy and requirements.

The kind of baskets and wickerwork articles shown in our sketch are particularly suitable for lining and trimming. They might almost be classed as articles of furniture, as they possess some novel features, differing altogether from the usual kind of wicker-stand that one is accustomed to see, with shaky and unsubstantial legs, that topple over on the least touch. The frames of these stands are made of white bamboo, strongly fastened together, and the ends are neatly finished off with nickel fittings that greatly add to their appearance, and when trimmed and draped, as seen in the sketches, they look extremely effective.

Wool ball-fringe in the new art colorings are also an indispensable item with the practical liner, while the fancy ball-fringes, in a variety of color and patterns, are also necessary at times. Fancy gimp in chenille and tinsel, rainbow cord, chenille cord, and a variety of others, are all suitable for this work. Tassel fringes in every variety of shade and all sizes can be had at fancy stores, even by a few yards, while silk ribbons can of course be had everywhere.

Those who have carefully followed my remarks in this article will see there are no very great difficulties in basket lining, but still there are certain rules that must be observed even in this work, as these make all the difference between a thing that looks pretty and artistic, even when made up from simple and inexpensive materials.



DRESS AND DRESSES.

COSTUMES FOR CHILDREN.

FIG. 1 is a pretty little suit for boys of four to five, or six to eight years, and may be copied in a variety of styles. Our model is of Lincoln green cloth, with velvet collar and cuffs in a deeper shade of green, and the under-vest and sash are of Indian red silk.

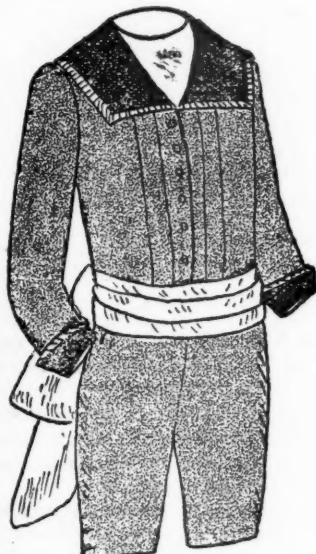


FIG. 1.

The front has two small plaits on either side, and fits closely round the waist, the top being slightly eased into a waistband. The plastron is usually arranged on the vest, but may be tacked inside the jacket and the left side fastened across with hooks and eyes beneath the collar. For ordinary wear this suit may be of blue serge, with collar of blue or black velvet, edged gold braid, and the sash may be replaced by a broad belt, either in black or buff-colored leather.

Yoke frocks are always in favor, and fig.

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2 is particularly pretty in dark velvet, with yoke and trimmings of a brighter color, or in combinations of velvet and merino, or flannel and cloth. Merino, lined with cheap flannelette, is particularly comfortable, and may be smartened by velvet trimmings, or, as in our sketch, by a yoke, cuffs, and trimming, band of drab cloth, fancy stitched, with silk at either edge.



FIG. 2.

The same design is pretty in gingham or chintz.

Sailor frocks are always in request for girls of four to eight years, and are exceedingly warm and comfortable if made in soft woolen material, such as foulé or serge. The skirt should be attached to a high bodice of flannelette which fastens down the back and has a V-shaped plastron tacked on the front, and a high band to match, generally of striped material. The blouse is separate and fastens down the front, but there should be a buttonhole beneath the collar just at the shoulder seam on either side, and a corresponding button on the flannelette slip, as this keeps

the blouse from twisting, and also affords more warmth by keeping the blouse close to the figure.

This costume (fig. 3) may be carried out in blue and red, black and white, terra-cotta and red-brown, and various other combinations.



FIG. 3.

Straight-cut "Princesse" frocks are always pleasing on young children, more especially when the skirt has some fullness at the back to detract from the plain effect. The little dress shown by fig. 4 is intended for a child of six to eight years, and is of the new terra-cotta in a light shade, with the over-dress of Egyptian red, edged with brown braid.

It fastens down the centre beneath the folds and is exceedingly simple in make and may be copied in many other combinations. It would be effective in crimson and navy-blue, in tan and brown, in butcher-blue and deep Wedgwood, or in two shades of any one color.

FACTION is at times a whimsical and severe taskmaster, and occasionally a very annoying one, too, for it happens now and then that almost as soon as we have prepared, and scarcely become accustomed to, some particularly nice costume, we find that already something newer and altogether different has come to the fore. For some time, though, fashion has been treating us with great leniency, for so

long as we pay due regard to color, suitableness, and elegance, we can wear almost anything without looking conspicuous.

Short dresses, or long, plain or draped, polonaise or tunic; full bodice or plain, jacket or banded at waist, garibaldi or loose fronted jacket with vest, all are admissible, and so our amateur dress-

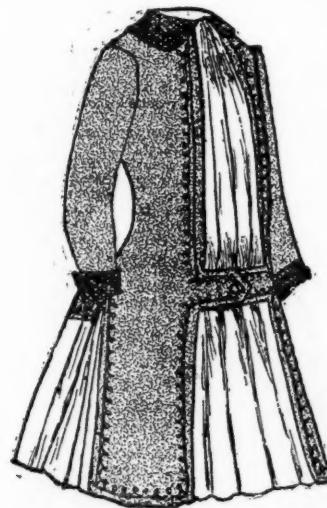


FIG. 4.

makers have a grand choice of models from the simplest to the most elaborate styles. One fact, however, they must keep well in mind—that the more simple the make, the more necessity there is for perfect correctness in cut, neatness of work, and elegance of finish.

We may congratulate ourselves also on the present rage for garibaldi or blouse bodices, and as we women generally remain constant for a considerable period, to any freak of fashion that is at once pretty, useful, and economical, we can almost confidently reckon on these bodices being worn for some time to come; and so may venture to choose them as our subject for this month's paper.

Perhaps girls have the best of it in this fashion, for with very trifling outlay they can make several of these useful bodices, each cut after a different style, and thus vary their wardrobe, making many an almost discarded skirt look quite good enough for home and evening wear, in

the dark winter months. A little thought and trouble expended in this matter would be of immense use to many girls, and effect a very considerable saving in her dress, by relieving a good tailor-made, or other gown intended to last more than one season, from the extra and unnecessary wear and tear of home use, which so soon

thirteen inches long, but ten, eleven, and twelve inches are the more usual sizes.

Many evening skirts of brocade or failé are made straight and long, the front, perhaps, laid in four or six plaits from the waist; but the sides are usually plain, and not a few skirts hang long and limp in mediæval style, one side slightly raised over a simulated petticoat of embroidered satin in a different color.

A very fashionable bodice is shown by diagram 1; the crossed vest fastening on



FIG. 1.

takes the gloss and freshness from even a really good dress.

These bodices are now made in so many different ways that for almost any figure and age a suitable style may be chosen; and many gowns, particularly those of washing and other thin materials, have been made after this fashion lately, with very good effect. The stiffness of appearance so unsuitable in light materials, being done away with by having the bones or steels only in the lining while the outside fitted nicely over, and the little three-inch basque looked soft and neat too, when the fullness had been nicely plaited or gathered in to the lining at waist. Of course, I mean that skirt and bodice were both of the same material, and several were made of very fine woolen stuff, others of washing silks, and many of zephyr.

Steels are now rarely used in long skirts, the pad alone being retained; but with heavy materials, and for flat figures there should be one steel about eight inches from the waist, and of the smallest dimensions. Even a tall figure will have this steel only



FIG. 2.

the left side beneath the loose coat front, which turns back in a deep rever, and is faced with claret-brown velvet.

The coat is of a reddish-brown costume cloth, with vest of *vieux rose* surah.

Some crossed vests are made on a muslin lining, and are simply fixed in by small safety-pins, this enabling one to have a plain cloth vest beneath, which serves for ordinary occasions.

Our model tea-gown shown by diagram No. 2 is in the " Directoire " style, and if variation to the usual loose front and contrasting blouse.



HOME DRESS.

carried out in two or three materials, with some contrast as to color, forms a pleasing

Our design is intended for olive-green plush, with sash, revers, and cuffs of

apple-green surah, with front and undersleeves of cream-white Pongee silk; but effective combinations are suggested for those to whom green is not becoming.

flame-color surah, and front of a salmon-pink silk. For an elderly lady, the gown could be of black plush, brocade, or satin, the revers and sash of deep mauv 



IN-DOOR COSTUME.

Thus a gown of bright-brown velvet or plush, with golden shades, could have sash, revers, and cuffs of old-gold surah, and front of cream or primrose silk.

Or, again, the gown could be of deep, ruby-red plush, with trimmings deep

surah, and front of a paler mauv , or of black surah.

The shape of this tea-gown is very adaptable, for the front, although cut in one length from the shoulder, looks equally as well joined on just below the

waist in a line with the back fullness, which is intentionally cut separate, and attached in accordion plaits.

The front is lined to the waist only, and from thence falls in full folds, the edge

essentially stylish cut, with the bodice fastened on the shoulder and down the left side. It can be made in any material, but the drapery shows best in cashmere or Henrietta cloth.



THE DULUC TOILETTE.

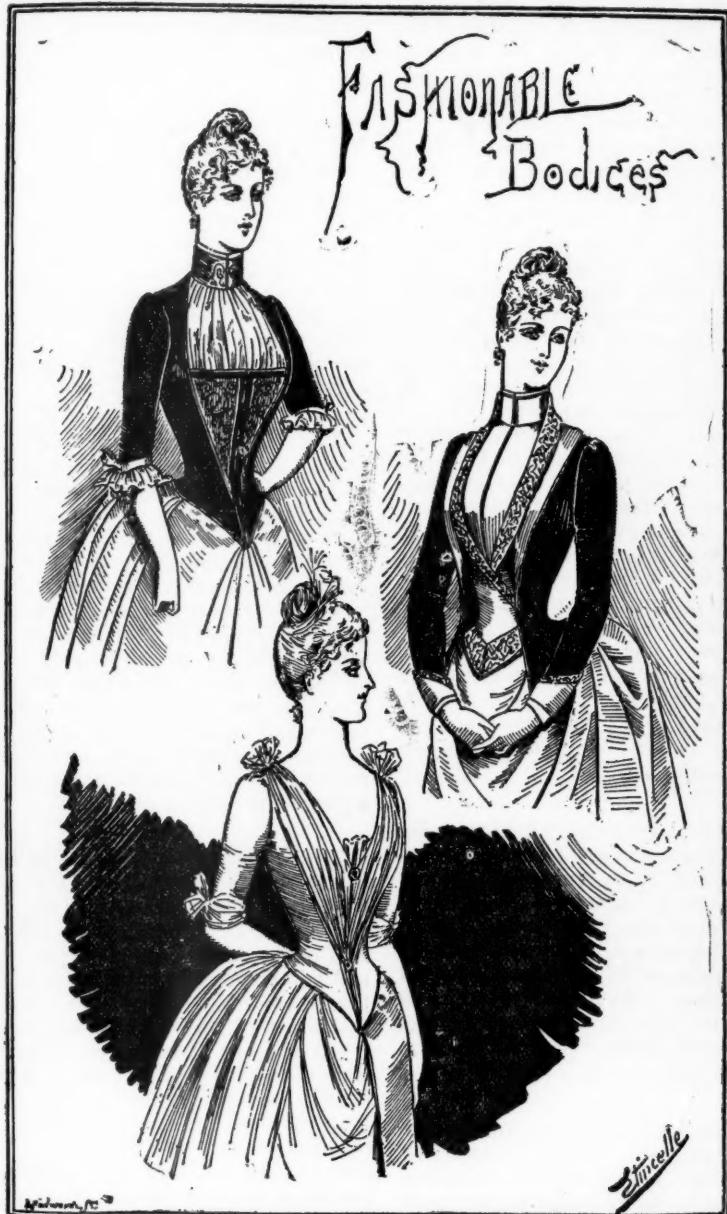
tucked and hemmed. The opening is in the centre of the front, and the sash is loosely knotted after this is arranged, but each end is fixed just in front of the under-arm seam beneath the coat-fronts.

We show on page 386 a home dress of

Our next cut shows an in-door costume of brick-colored and white cloth. Princesse redingote, with added basque, opening over a bodice and skirt in white cloth. The trimmings consist of gold braid. The lower part of the redingote

is slashed so as to show the white under-skirt. There are white and gold braided

row plaiting that borders the edge. The braiding in gold ornaments the bodice.



FASHIONABLE BODICES.

cuffs. The brick-colored skirt is straight, being only slightly draped to show the nar-

The Duluc Toilette is a green costume in velvet and silk, embroidered

in green and gold. The dress in front is silk, framed with embroidery. The panels are kilted velvet. The collar, cuffs, and bouillonnés to the sleeves are also velvet. The front of the bodice is full, and embroidered to match the robings on the skirt. The back drapery is attached to the basque of the bodice.

On page 389 we give sketches of three fashionable bodices, which may be copied in a variety of materials.

No. 1, on the left-hand of the group, is of electric-blue velvet, with the vest of soft silk in a pale, faint blue, and in front there are narrow triangles of braiding, and sapphire beads and oxidized tinsel.

The bodice on the right hand may be of velvet; but if the underpart is of the same material as the skirt, it forms a complete toilette for ordinary wear.

Our sketch shows a smart visiting or home dinner toilette of old-rose foulé and dark-olive velvet; but brown and old-gold forms an effective combination.

The coat is loose to the under-arm seam, and the vest fastens down the centre, the sloping extension fastening to the left side. The trimmings are of dark red beads, almost of garnet color.

The lower model shows the fashionable way of draping a low bodice with tulle or *crêpe de Chine*, but ribbon bows may be added to the fans of tulle on the shoulders, or small ostrich tips or groups of flowers are also placed here.

NO WORD, however pleasing it may be, ought to escape any one's lips unless honestly believed to be true. This would banish flattery, untruthful excuses, misleading statements. The transient gratification they may afford would be more than compensated by the trust that would be engendered. As it is at present, how often is the charm of such utterances broken by the secret whisper of doubt as to how far they are really meant!

LIFE has its fixed course and nature one unvarying way; each age has assigned to it what best suits it, so that the fickleness of boyhood, the sanguine temper of youth, the soberness of riper years, and the maturity of old age equally have something in harmony with nature, which ought to be made availling in its season.

THE YEARS.—It is sometimes said that to the young the future always looks glowing and glorious, while as age creeps on the expectation of anything more than a repeated monotony dies gradually away. It certainly would not be thus were life's experiences read aright. Each year brings to each life some new joy or sorrow, some fresh idea or experience. If these are incorporated into our lives so that we discover their meaning and learn their lessons, each year will find our characters firmer and stronger, our thoughts clearer and deeper, our hearts fuller and richer, and our expectations purer indeed, but also larger and more trustworthy. Only those with shallow minds or deadened energies or selfish hearts talk of the monotony of life.

THE HABIT OF READING.—"I have no time to read," is a common complaint, and especially of women whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book-perusal. They seem to think, because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they cannot read anything. But this is a great mistake. It is not the books we finish at a sitting that always do us the most good. Those we run through in the odd moments, half a dozen pages at a time, often give us more satisfaction and are more thoroughly digested than those we make a particular effort to read.

THE FUTURE.—The future can never be divorced from the past. It is indeed the inevitable outcome of it. We cannot close up the record of the years behind us as if they had not been, and open a fresh and new one bearing no relation to those that preceded it. What has been sown will be reaped, and thus, by reviewing the time that is gone, we may attain some degree of knowledge of that which is yet to come. And, as the farmer, through his successes and his failures, learns how better to prepare his soil and to select his seed, so may we learn from time to time the lessons of experience.

THRIFT is the result of a habit of self-denial; like other habits it has to be taught early in life.







